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TO

THE DAUGHTER OF AN OLD SWEETHEART.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

I love thee, Juliet, for thy mother's sake,
And were I young should love thee for thy own;
Affresh to thee her early memory wake,
And all her wintriness are round thee thrown;
Thou art her daughter, and I love thee, and I know
How many years ago thou gav'st her pain.

Thou art as lovely, though not yet as fair,
As that bright maid, the beautiful, the true,
The gentle being, for whom thou wast intended,
This Juliet that our glorious Shakespeare drew.
Thou art a woman, and a mother's tears
What fiery youth shall be for thee! Remember

Whose'er he be, oh may his lot and thine
Be happier than she his of disease of old!
May he be true, and may no passion's shrine,
Help love within your bosom to grow cold,
And may your pulse be never, like mine, beaten
By shocks of Montague and Capulet.

Like his great prototype, thy Romeo,
Shall pleasantly be his parents's raging theme,
And they shall never be for his good,
Whate'er he may have for his evil, a theme
Into bright words to deck the midnight sky—
That, young Juliet, shall be thy Romeo!

I paint the tribute of an humble lay
To thy fair mother in her girlhood bright,
And over this humbler strain I pray
To thee, oh, sweet, young queen of sunny light,
And may your pulse be never, like mine, beaten
By shocks of Montague and Capulet.

Love to make rhymes, dear Juliet, today slaughters

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BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ODIN, THE GOD-SEEKER," "THE OUTCASTES OF AUBURN," "ALMERA, THE BOUQUET," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHANGE.

The spring-time passed away; summer came and went; autumn, winter and spring again; then summer spread its fruits and flowers once more; autumn came, with its soaring breath; and cold winter followed as before, with its cold, white shroud, with which to cover the bright and death of the November touch. And so the seasons rolled around; the flowers blooming and fading, while man only grew on, in all seasons alike.

Bion himself was twelve years of age. He had grown to be a stout, healthy boy, and beauty sat upon every feature. The soft, glossy ringlets upon his nobly developed head, had changed to a dark, rich brown; the large full eyes were nearer brown than gray, and possessed a magnetism which formed a distinguishing feature. The brow was high and intellectually turned; while the remaining features in tone and outline were perfectly harmonious. He possessed all the stronger beauty of his creole mother, with the stern, manly dignity of his Anglo Saxon father.

And his mind was far from being a waste. Among the first things for which he had inquired, when he had become accustomed to his new home, were books. Margery had procured them for him, and for a year or two he plodded on alone through little story-books, learning Cora the letters, and gradually teaching her to read. When he was eight years old, Aunt Margery had become so deeply interested in both the children, that she resolved to give them the advantage of an education such as existing circumstances would permit. She went to Barnstable Lattimore, and asked her with. He was astonished. However, she told him plainly of her purpose, and bade him go to Mr. Huntley, and get the money with which to open a teacher's.

Lattimore went, and when he stated his errand, the merchant was astonished.

"I never heard of such a thing," he said.

"But you'll hear of something worse, if you don't do all she wants you to," suggested the salesman.

"But you assured me that this woman had a heart of iron."

"So she has; but the heat of those two children's love has softened it amazingly. She'll be faithful, but she must have her own way. She would throw up her commission to-morrow if you crossed her."

"Well—what if she should?"

"Why—simply this—she would make a clean breast of it, and give the boy into the hands of the Probate Court. That's all to it!"

Christopher Huntley turned pale as death.

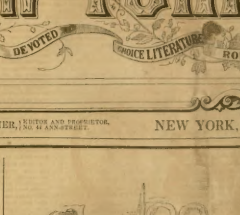
"O—don't be afraid," cried Barnaby. "You have nothing to fear. If this poor woman is willing to give the boy some kind of an education, surely you should not object."

"But, the money?"

"Oh—*the money!*" repeated Lattimore, in a tone of contempt, which he could not control. "It must be hard for you to take fifty dollars from your purse for him!"

Huntley said no more. He took some bank notes from his pocket-book, and passed them over.

Margery was acquainted with a young Irishman who had been educated for the priesthood, but whose social qualities had run so deeply into conviviality, that he was obliged to give up his offices. He was now engaged in attending a shooting and boxing gallery, and readily consented, for a small sum, to teach the two children.



BION DEFENDING AUNT MARGERY FROM THE RUFFIAN.

So Bion stood at twelve years of age, a better scholar than most boys are at that time of life. The tutor had learned to love both his little pupils, and he rendered them all the assistance that lay in his power. The boy had mastered the fundamental rules of arithmetic, and gone on through fractions into the more complicated work. He had learned to write very well; and, for some two years, he and Cora had practiced letter-writing quite extensively, directing their missives, of course, to each other.

There was another quality in Bion's character which had been pretty well developed. One day, a drunken man made his way into the house, and demanded money of Margery. She did not have it then, though she recognized him as one who had been loafing around that section for some time. She ordered him to leave the house, and he threatened violence. Bion was in the room, and quickly seizing the heavy oven-poker that stood close by, he placed himself before his guardian. His dark eye flashed, and in his whole look and bearing there was something that would have daunted anything but superior brute force.

The man cursed him, and bade him be gone. Then he advanced, and, pushing the boy roughly aside, he grasped Margery by the arm. The ponderous poker performed a circle in the air, and, as it came down, it struck the ruffian upon the top of the head, and fetled him quickly to the floor. Bion's next movement was to rush to the oven, where he met his tutor just coming in. To him he explained what had happened, and the latter thought it a most miserable fellow to the street, where he recovered from the effects of the blow just as no officer came along, ready to take him in charge.

Margery could hardly find words to express her gratitude and admiration; while the tutor conceived a new idea. As we remarked before, he was engaged in a boxing gallery, and he at once made up his mind that Bion should learn the "manly art of self-defence." The boy took hold of the work with pleasure, because it gave him variety, and gave him exercise. And he soon became quite a proficient, too. As the latter became more acquainted with the little fellow's many noble and generous qualities, he learned to love him fondly, and nearly every moment of his spare time was spent with his pupil. Bion was a child well developed, and as he became proficient in the art of boxing, his breast assumed a new fullness, his muscles became stronger, his eye quicker, his step more firm, and his whole frame was strengthened.

"Well," said Aunt Margery, drawing the boy to her side, and gazing into his bashful face, "do you know that I am very thankful I picked you up and took you in here to live with me?"

"Of course you are," he replied, promptly.

"But do you know why I am thankful?"

"Why—I mean, because you love me."

"That I do, Bion, but that isn't what I meant. Let me tell ye: When I found ye, ye was pale an' thin, and I think of ye'd lived where ye'd taken nice victuals to eat, and no exercise, ye wouldn't have lived till now."

Aunt Margery spoke truly here. In all probability, Bion would never have lived to see his twelfth birth-day; but his uncle kept him and fed him as Lida and Lizzy had always fed him. Or, had he survived to that age, he would have been but a poor, consumptive thing, pale and weak, cowering upon the rough path of youth with no consolation at all. But now it was different. His food had been plain and substantial; his surroundings not over-genial; his mind free from care; and exercise in plenty.

Christopher Huntley had not seen all this. He saw it not now.

"Aunty," said the boy, after she had told him about the health he enjoyed now, as compared with his physical condition when she first found him, "don't you know where I came from when I came here?"

"No—I have no idea."

"You don't think it was my father who brought me here?"

"I don't know it wasn't."

"But don't you know who it was?"

"I've never told ye anything about him, Bion; and, if I could, I don't think ye'd want to know him, for I think he was a very wicked man."

"Don't you know where he got me?"

"No, I don't know anything about it. It's no use, Bion, for you to ask me such stuff, 'cause I can't tell ye. All I can tell is—ye was fetched here to me by a man who said he was a goin' off. He paid me money to take care of ye, and said he didn't think he'd ever come back. I took ye, and I thought when ye first came to! I couldn't care much for ye. But when I found out how good ye was, and how quick ye did learn, I kinder got to loved ye right off. And now ye've grow'd up to a right smart boy; ye've strong an' rugged; and I must say, Bion, 'I've done the bestest could for ye. I got ye a teacher, an' I've seen that ye had all ye wanted. I hope, me darlin', that when ye's gone away, ye'll remember me, and love me a little."

"O, Aunt Margery, I shall love you a good deal," cried the boy, earnestly.

After this, Bion went away to his chamber, with a momentous question troubled. He wished to ask what change was at hand. He had heard nothing direct, but from Margery's manner, he knew that something was about to take place, which would materially affect him. He could see it in Margery's every look and tone; and about it he could be read in the words she had just used.

A cloud came over his soul, and he felt unhappy. At such times he had recourse to the sweet book he was never his heart. He drew forth the locket and opened it.

"My mother!" he cried, while the expression of his face betrayed the depth of his love and reverence, "come what may thou shalt be with me!"

Long and fondly did the picture lie and his eyes filled with tears. His ideas of that miniature had remained unchanged. He knew it was his mother, but to have had the shadow of her face was that of his father. But of the latter he had no assurance save the admission of Margery, and his own idea of probability. Of the other, however, he had a thousand proofs. While the picture of his father only brought to mind a man whom he wished he could have known, and whom he felt sure he should have loved, that of his mother called forth a host that brought up in his mind a face that had beamed in love upon him, and upon which he had often hung for the smiles that made his life bright and joyous. His remembrance, as though it were but yesterday, when she put the golden chain about his neck, and even the kiss that accompanied it he felt burning upon his cheek, and sealing its grateful influence to his heart. He could remember nothing else. He had a dim remembrance of two black faces, and the names of "*Lida*" and "*Lizzy*" were familiar sounds, but associated with no idea of locality, or whether they had fallen in his pathway since, he could not tell.

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"No—I have no idea."

"Well—well," uttered Lattimore, in his hushed howl, "you are looking finely, Sir Christopher."

"I am, sir."

"Very finely—very finely, upon my soul."

"I am glad you've discovered it," replied Huntley, impudently, and with a strong touch of bitterness. "But I have only a few moments to spare. Have you sent the boy?"

"Yes."

"Well—well—you saw him," said Huntley, in a nervous, uneasy tone, which he overcame, however, by an effort. "How did you find him ?"

"Hearty as a buck. By the crown, Huntley, he's just one of the finest boys you ever saw. I went there—see Margery—had a talk—she brought the boy—he looked at me—jumped—turned pale—doubled up his little fists—looked daggers. What d'ye think he thought?"

"I'm sure I can't tell."

"Well—he thought I was the man who brought him there."

"Did he say you were his uncle?" cried Huntley, eagerly.

"No—he hadn't any idea about any uncle. The old woman's driven all that out of his head."

The merchant felt easier.

"Did you tell him you were not the man?" he asked.

"Of course I did. And yet he wouldn't believe me till Margery had assured him that I wasn't the man. Then he asked me if he hadn't seen me before. I told him, yes. Said I—'I came here when you were a little boy—used to come to do business for your mistress—that's the way ye knew me.' Margery backed me up, and the boy was satisfied."

"And you are sure he has forgotten all about the old affair?"

"Yes—utterly—don't remember a bit—thinks he never had any father or mother—says he growed up all alone—good Aunt Margery took care of him—and all such things. Ye're safe on that score, sir."

Awhile longer the two men talked, and then they went out together; and when they stopped it was at the residence of Margery Grant. She had been warned to have Bion keep out of the way, for Christopher Huntley dared not see him. The three talked for a long while, and when the mercantile scamp let go he drew a long breath-look.

"Not one penny lost," said Margery. "He must have them things, and he shall have them."

"Take care that you don't appropriate too much to yourself," Huntley returned, as he gave her a roll of bank-notes.

"I never robbed a poor orphan, sir!"

Christopher Huntley started back, and turned pale as death. He struggled with his rising passion, and finally succeeded in keeping mastery.

Half an hour afterwards Margery went to Bion's room and sat down by his side. He gazed into her face, and when he saw the tear in her eye, and the tremor upon her lip, he was startled, for he knew the change was coming.

CHAPTER XIV.

COMMENCING LIFE!

Bion sat very still, and gazed earnestly into Margery's face. He was troubled with apprehension, for he knew too well that the communication which could thus affect her on his account, must fall heavily on himself.

"Bion—my own darlin'—my good Bion," she commenced, speaking in a tone which had become soft to his ear from long use, "ye've got to leave me all, ye've grow'd to be a big boy now, and old enough to be doin' something for yerself."

"I know it, Aunt Margery; and I've wished for a long while that you'd tell me some way in which I could help you."

"Yes—I know, Bion; but that isn't it. He good, now. Don't go to feelin' naughty, now, and fussive! In this life, ye know we must all work, we's changes. I have to do it, and all have to do it. I don't want to, but I can't stay here any here, ye know. Don't go for to bein' naughty."

"I'll be good-natured, Aunt Margery, and not speak cross. I'll be all. Tell it to me at once. I know you've got something. I can bear it."

"In course ye can bear it, me darlin', 'cause ye're a good boy, and ye always have to expect to live allers wi' me. Bion—*the man as left ye here has been to see me!*"

The boy gasped for breath; and as soon as his self-possession had come he asked—

"Was the dreadful looking man who was here before?"

"No—he was'nt the man at all. No, no, it's another man altogether. He's been here, Bion, and he says that he has come to take ye home again—he has been here!"

"You—you told me. But what did he come for?"

"Well, Bion—ye know what I told ye. Ye'll have to go home to your father, for he's a large boy."

The woman stopped and wiped her nose very industriously for the space of half a minute, or so, at the end of this operation she said—

"In course ye would like to see him, and—"

"Certainly, Aunt."

"Well—he's a good boy, now. He said—ye see he knowed ye, ye was too big to be idle. He said as how you would—ye see he knowed it all for you good, me darlin'. O—he wouldn't 'a done this only for you good, me dear boy. He come to see me, and he said—shall I tell ye what he said?"

"Yes. Tell me at once. You only pain me, Aunt, by keeping me in suspense."

"O—I was a goin' to tell ye, Bion, just as soon as I could come to it. He said—you would live with me my more! You'll go away from here very soon. You'll go to sea. He's got a ship for

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ye to go to. Oh! its a great, nice, beautiful city —and ye'll have such a fine Capt'n—and you'll see so many places. You—ye're goin' to see Brian?"

"And Cora?" whispered the boy.

"Oh, she'll stay here with me, yes."

"And shall I ever come back here to live?"

"No—never any more."

Ryan gazed into Mabe's face a few moments —he turned very pale; his lips quivered; and finally, with a deep groan, he sank forward upon the bed, and burst into tears.

"Brian!"

"Not now, Aunty. Wait a little while. Come again. Leave me now."

She said. "Poor boy!" and then turned away.

For a while the child gave full flow to his feelings; but his strong will soon had the upper hand, and pondered upon what he had heard. He gradually reasoned himself into a state of calmness, and then, himself boldly out into the future.

"Why should I mourn?" he said to himself, starting to his feet, and making his comfy form to fit its stunted height. Shall I ever be a man and live here? Here? here?" he repeated, calling to mind the character of those who surrounded him. "No! I should be unhappy to be here. But—then? O —if she could go with me!"

His eyes fell sweeping again when he thought of being separated from the gentle being who had been his companion so long; but he overcame the emotion, and when he had become perfectly still he went to Cora's room. He found her engaged in writing a letter to himself. She did not quickly as she saw who had come, and then leaping to her feet she started forward to kiss him, as was her custom; she had pushed the door to behind her, but ere she had raised her lips to his cheek she noticed the expression that dwelt upon his features.

"Why,—what is the matter, Brian?" she cried, letting her hands fall, and starting back. "What is it? What has happened?"

"Nothing, Cora," he said, then I will tell you. There,—now sit down here."

He sat down together, with their arms around each other, and then Brian said,—

"I have something very serious to tell you, Cora." His voice was very low, and it trembled in spite of him.

"Brian," she cried, reaching her right hand up to his shoulder, "I know! I know! Oh! You are going away from me, and you are unhappy. They won't! You won't let them take you away! Oh! I shall die!"

The boy caught her in his arms and her fair, soft cheek rested upon his bosom.

"Listen to me, Cora."

"Tell me you will not go away! Tell me you will never leave me! Oh! let it be so!"

"I cannot tell you so, Cora. But listen. If you love me, listen to what I have to say."

She did not speak, but she wept and sobbed, and clung more closely to her lead companion's bosom. Her hold for him was such that all the power he could command, he spoke:

"Cora—I must leave you. Could I stay with you I would, for it will nigh breaks my heart to think of the parting. But hark ye, Cora. Who should I remain here? I must be a man. How can I ever be a man here? Only think what kind of people are around us, and what kind of life you and I talked of what we would be one of these days. You want me to be a great, noble, good man; and I will be one if I live. But I could never do anything here. I am not going away to sea. I shall visit foreign countries, and see strange things. I shall be good always, and resolute. And if I live you shall be with me—with something. Wherever I come home I shall come to see you; and at some time I shall be rich enough to claim you for my wife, and then we will be so happy. But could I ever be that man by staying here?"

Thus the boy talked for a long while. There was a deeper power in his expressions, and at times thought after thought of the future became developed, Cora grew more calm, and ceased to sob; and laugh she gazed up through her tears and smiled. Then she felt more conquering, and she went on. That smile gave him new strength, and with the whole power of his imagination he painted the future he would carve out for himself and Cora. He would labor steadily and persistently towards the single aim of honorable and respectable success, and then would should be gained—and finally the whole should end in the fruition of such joys as only the young and guileless heart can conceive.

Cora saw it all, and thought the separation would be a blank one, yet she would be happy. The boy blessed her and blessed her, and then they resumed the conversation in a more calm and reasonable tone. They talked of love as seriously and unchingly as could be, and their mutual pledges were given with an earnestness and sincerity which spoke from the heart. Brian called on God to witness that no power of earth should ever draw his heart from her; and she, in turn, did the same.

That night but little sleep came to the eyes of the two child-lovers; and when they arose on the following morning each could see that the other had been weeping.

But Mabe was packing away, and the dark morning at length came. For several days Margery had been packing away things in a large valise. It was a fine chest, with a tiff in it, and had the name—Dan Bernard—painted on it in black letters. All his books, with a number of pencil and ink, were carefully stowed away. The pens—a whole bunch of them—had been selected by the first tutor; and then he had selected a good knife, and put away the rest so that he could have them when they should need it. Plenty of clothing had been procured, and, in short, everything which love could suggest.

Ryan and Cora had just arisen from the breakfast-table when two men entered from the rough gaels of sailors, entered the room, followed by Barnaby Latimore.

"Is this the youngster?" asked one of them, pointing to our young hero.

Instantly Ryan stood upon the speaker. He was a middle-aged man, short and stout, with a dark, weather-beaten face, and a countenance expressive of good nature. The other was taller and younger, and though full as good looking, yet he did not seem to possess the same character as did his companion. He was one who would be dispensed upon accommodations for his disposition.

"This is the boy," said Latimore.

"Are you going?" shrieked Cora, hurling pale as a sheet.

Ryan tried to answer her. He tried to kill her to be calm. But he could not speak.

"Margery—you had better take that girl away," spoke Barnaby Latimore. "We don't want any nonsense here!"

He was brutal—as though by a touch of chivalry—the boy started up, and faced the man who had spoken thus. His dark eye flashed, and his finely-chiseled lips were tightly compressed. He did not use the same words as before, and, spite of all Margery's earnestness, he believed he was to lose his beautiful face, the lineaments of one who had so sensitive annoyed him.

"Take her away!" he repeated, in a clear, ringing tone, as full of dauntless courage as it was of keen bitterness. "Take her away by only companion! Would you take her away, sir?"

"Spike of your impudence to me, you young dog! Margery, will you take the girl off?"

"No, no, Cora," whistling one arm about her baby-like form, "do not fear. Aunt Margery must touch you; and as for that bad man, *he dares not!*" As he thus spoke, he turned a flashing glance upon the base stationer, and in a low, penetrating tone he added—

"The very life of such a thing as you is not worth a moment's pain to such a pure being as she!"

Latimore had clenched his fist and taken a step forward, when the elder sailor interposed.

"Avast, there!" he growled. "Just heat your wind a bit, my sweet son of a gun! If ye fall clear of that light craft, split my topsights, if I don't capsize you!"

Barnaby Latimore cast a quick glance at the tough old son of Neptune, and quickly concluded to show all the bravery he had; but the woman would obey him at once; but when he found her opposed to him also, he let the matter drop, with the simple wish, however, that he might have charge of the boy only a few hours.

"How can you trust the boy to the ship?" Ryan asked, turning to the stout sailor.

"Yes, my good lad, I will. He will fit quickly. Call me Jack, if ye please. This pacty fit of a starlin-spike is Ned Anderson. He won't very much—but he's a good fellow at the dead-lights. And now are ye ready?"

Cora looked up at the grand first upon Ryan, and then into the weather-scared face of Jack Wallace. In a moment more she had sprung to his side, and went up and took Jack's great hand hand. Then she gazed up, and while the big tears swam in her eyes she said, in a low, tremulous voice,—

"Oh! be good to Him! He is going away from me! You will be good to him?"

"Good to him?" cried the honest old tar, while his eyes and his jacket-sleeve. "Is course I'll be good to him."

"Oh! you promise me—you'll be very good to him—you'll be good always? Oh! you promise he will love you very much; and I'll love you, too."

"Come here, you bit of a mutineer!" cried Jack, lifting the girl like a doll in his stout arms. "Now stop it! I like you."

"Yes, sir."

"There!" the old tar shouted, as he gave a smack upon her round cheek that sounded like a small musket. "Now you're all right. Now I know I forgot your sweet face, and may that kiss turn to fire and burn my lips off!"

Cora threw her arms about his neck, and then back she went, and she was gone. Jack gazed up again, and to her those words, which were spoken in a tone and manner which no words could have conveyed.

She hung awhile longer about Brian's neck, and then Aunt Margery tenderly drew her away.

"Don't make so much trouble, child—you can help," she whispered.

Cora was a child of silences upon the table close by her, and quickly mixing them, she drew out one of her sunny ringlets and cut it off.

"Here" she said, handing it to Brian, "you'll never, never forget your Cora?"

He pressed the precious gift to his lips, and then he took the hand she had, at some former period, spent some time on shipboard.

The anchor was soon speak, and then the men went off, and left the boy alone. He—he—nothing now—only I may learn something."

Then he kissed her, and returned it—and then has tied from the house.

The world was before him—and so was the great sea of life! He stood on the deck of the ship, and pressed his hand upon the talisman he were next his heart, and a solemn vow he would never forget. The boy had got the pure counsel it so strangely fastened in his memory!

CHAPTER XV

AT SEA.

The Alexander was a heavy ship, and bound for the East Indies, touching at the Cape of Good Long. She was a tall, stout man, with coarse black hair, and eyes of the same penetrating hue. In his government at sea he was severe and strict, but never unjust. His chief mate was altogether a different looking man. He was short and stout, with a bushy head of a fiery red color, and eyes and complexion to match. He would swear like a fiddler, and he was one of the best practical sailors to be found upon the ocean.

The ship lay at single anchor out in the harbor, being all ready for sea, and as Brian came over the gangway he saw a mass of sails, and ropes and spars. The whirl of varied emotions that possessed him upon the deck was increased by the first tutor; and then he had selected a good Bible, and gone off to the ship he should sail from the old dock, he pressed both hands over his eyes and bowed his head.

"What's the matter, my son?" asked Jack Wallace, who was standing near before. I see you don't know how I fret. It is all very strange to us."

As Brian spoke, he took his eyes from the wide, long deck, and as he met the gaze of the rough old tar, he took a step and confidingly caught him by the hand, and then looked up with an imploring expression, he murmured—

"Won't you be good to me? Won't you take care of me, and tell me how to do my duty?"

"By the Blessed Mother!" cried Jack, seizing the little fellow by both hands, "so long as I live I'll hook'ye under convoy. Why, Ned Anderson will be safe, you shall be—why Jack's a crust, you shall have half of it; and if any man dares to do ye harm they must kill by old Jack first. Mind that, now, my hearty. Ye've got a friend as'll stick by ye till the last."

"How you! How you!" uttered Brian, with tears in his eyes. He would have spoken further, but at that moment the captain came up and placed his hand upon his head.

"Is this Master Dick Bernard?" the commander asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Jack Wallace, with a scrape and a bow. "This is the boy, and I should like to take him in charge, Captain, if ye've no objection. He's never been away afore, and as I'm the first upon his acquaintance I think he may be

A MIRAGE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

All alone in a valley of dry sand,
With my heart worn out with a terrible chase,
I gazed on the desert's mysterious plain
With a dull, despairing face.

Sun-baked, and bewildering in beauty it drew,
As weary I lingered for a place of repose,
While around me in circles the wild vultures flew
Through the desolate dark of the night.

'Twas a castle so dreamy and far as could be,
With its gates of pearl and its towers of snow,
Reared in the lone desert a visionary sea,
While a fiery chime bursted in my soul
And I thought of a beautiful enchanted dream
Of a land unsighed for, among that supreme glow
Delighted, I marvelled, oh, that I let on you—
I am such a glorious goal!

A form like this one moved me on to the arenas,
With fond arms reaching out o'er the water's soft sheen,
To clasp the lone wanderer whose way long had been
Through a vale of the dreariest despair.
I forgot the last sight of Allen's blue eyes,
And, thinking of them, how I hushed all my sighs,
And, with soft smile, I hastened to meet.
But alas, it was painted in air!

Now I'm weary again and the winds strike cold!
Still the sweeps round my heart—but a vision of light
Shines, sun-like, once more in my sorrow-dim sight,
And warms me away to be blest.
That vision of light is most marvellous fair,
That magic of light is not painted in air!
But the valley of shadows that's over the hill—
It is there that the weary find rest!

UNKNOWN TONGUES;

OR,

THE LOVER AND THE CLASSICS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Jacob Jones was an original. He had passed the meridian of life, and was wealthy. His head had become gray; but his step was firm, and his frame yet unbended by marvellous. He was not much over fifty, though he loved to look upon it as one. He fancied there was something very dignified in old age, and he took an opportunity of impressing upon the minds of visitors the fact of his advanced age.

Jacob Jones had originally been a farmer. He happened to inherit a farm very near to a great city, and for many years he made a handsome thing carrying early produce to the city, and selling it. At length, the citizens of the metropolis began to look into the suburban towns for country residences; and, one day, Jacob began to realize offers for portions of his farm. This farm chanced to be one of the most delightful locations anywhere around; and people were very anxious to own building lots there. But Jacob would not sell. He wanted the farm to raise money upon occasion. The result was, that in the course of a few years, quite an admirable village had sprung up around his farm; and the rich men's boys began to steal his melons and other fruit.

One day a man came and offered Jacob twenty thousand dollars for his farm. This sounded very differently to sure figure. Jacob wanted a cool twenty-five dollars," for a house-lot. He began to ponder. If this man could afford to pay twenty thousand dollars for the place, it must be worth more. So Jacob sent the applicant away, and resolved to sell to himself. He had decided to sell a house spot for his own use, with the adjoining orchard and garden, of about six acres; and he rose—a hundred and forty-four acres—he divided off into house and garden lots, and advertised them for sale. The result was to him an immense fortune, beside several beautiful lots which he had not yet sold. He built himself a splendid mansion, and then "lay back upon his dignity."

Jacob Jones had one great sorrow. He was unlettered and unlearned. Yet, he had the largest and most costly library in the village; and people often found him with big books in his hand. He was almost a necromancer upon that subject. Wealthy people who visited him, were sure to compliment him upon his library, and praise his classical taste. He had heard so much about *the classics*, that he fairly went crazy over the idea. He wanted to talk to study them.

And—by the way—I must tell you about old Jacob's child. Her name was Clara, and she was the only child he ever had, he with having died soon after her babe was born. She was a small, scarcely-formed girl; handsome in her style of general attention; and by nature and education, mild and lovely. She had been brought up under the care of a maiden aunt—an elder sister of her father—who had lived with Jacob ever since the death of his wife, and who was a woman of sound sense and stern morals. She had loved the gentle Clara, and left no means untried for her welfare and improvement.

Clara was a fine, happy creature—she loved her father—he loved her—and so did everybody else. She had taught her father to smile, and had given him lessons in grammar and arithmetic; for Jacob was sadly ignorant, and at the time of the sale of his land he could scarcely read simple newspaper paragraphs, by dint of spelling and pronouncing. But he was the possessor of natural ability. Yet, with all his ignorance, he fairly worshipped the intellectual man. No man who could read and translate the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew works he had in his library, was looked upon by old Jacob as less than a inspired oracle. As we said before, he was a monomaniac on this point.

In the course of the summer, Fitz Edward Rivers made his appearance in Linden Dell, which was the euphonious name bestowed upon the village erected upon the old farm. Rivers was a tall, dark featured, dreamy looking man, about thirty years of age. He was a brother of the wife of one of the wealthiest settlers in the place, and had come to spend the summer in this suburban bit of country. He had a horse, and he also had black hair, which curled very beautifully. He played equally well upon the flute or the violoncello; and he was a poet. He had graduated at old Harvard, and was now a "Professor of the French and Italian Languages." His brother-in-law had made him from the position of a shoemaker's apprentice, at the age of seventeen, and sent him to school, paying all his expenses until he had passed through college; when he had found Fitz Edward a situation as a lawyer. But the aspiring youth could not think of such a thing. It was too much like drudgery. And thus he had his own plan for the future. His aim was—*A Rich Wife*. He would pay particular attention to French and Italian, and music; and let other matters go,—for, through such a channel he hoped to reach some sensitive golden heart.

Fitz Edward was not long in discovering Clara Jones. She was either "*magnifique*," he said—looking, perhaps, in "*avant-coureur*," but she was an only child; pretty, and believed to bear half a million. His mind was made up. He discovered Jacob Jones's weakest point, and he attacked it.

* * * * * * *

Nathaniel Rose, or, Nat, as he was generally called, was in his store, and busy as could be. He was a young man, just turned three-and-twenty; smart, active, industrious, intelligent, quick-witted, and, withal, very good looking. He had served his time in the neighboring city with a druggist, and had now opened his native village, and opened the first real apothecary's shop ever established there. As soon as people found he was an honest—worthy, they thought of him, instead of going or sending to the city. And then he had the physician on his side, for he examined all his drugs, his qualifications for compounding prescriptions, and found him perfect. Physicians are also anxious to be rid of the trouble of lugging around medicine over the village; and they told Nat if he would open a store, and furnish the best quality of drugs, he should have their assistance. He did so, and was now flourishing. People knew him to be steady, honorable, and attentive, and they patronized him when they could. And the fact that he supported a widowed mother, gave him a favor hold upon the sympathies of the people.

Nat was just putting up some compounded powders for an old lady, when a boy came in, and left a note. As soon as the powders were put up and paid for, he went to his desk and opened the missive. He knew the hand-writing from the superscription well. He read as follows:

"Dearest Nat:—I am sorry, my friend Rivers, is here. He has contrived to get upon papa's weak side, and is following up a successful attack. Papa thinks him the most learned man he ever saw; and he says I shall marry him. He says he is writing that to-day's evening meeting. Come to-night. Come and see me this evening. CLARA."

For a few moments, poor Nat was almost speechless. The blow thought of losing Clara Jones was enough to drive him frantic. He had never seen from a child. They had been playmates, schoolmates, and companions together, and with the proceeding season their love had grown stronger and stronger. He had visited her at her luxurious front as he would his own mother; and her father had always been kind and pleasant towards him. He had never dreamed of her being wooed and won during Clara for a wife; but then he supposed it was all understood. He had Clara's own word, he talked a great deal about marriage; and they had planned that the happy event should come off just as soon as he had his house and store built. He owned one thousand dollars ahead, which he knew he should do, if he had his health, in three years more. And he really supposed that Jacob Jones understood all about it. But Rivers was a splendid fellow, if he had Clara, but he was resolved that not one single hope of his life should rest upon her father's money.

And all this was known to the villagers. When some of them had asked him why he did not court, he had given them that answer. And there were villagers—those who had been customers—who, for the sin of Fitz Edward Rivers, and they were mighty indignant. Some of them wished to rile him either way as a rail; but some thought he were more cool, said:—Wait. Let Nat handle his own.

At the appointed time, Nat made his appearance at Jacob Jones's. He supposed that he was peddling and rang the bell as usual. Clara came, and immediately conducted him away to her own little study, where she sat down by his side, and told all about the new suitor.

"He is a gentleman," she said, with tears in her eyes. "You know what he is. He is kind and good; but papa will not understand him, and he is fairly crazy. Were a young man, who could not read one word of the dreadful Greek Rivers says to come along to-morrow, papa would give him the preference."

"But if you were to entreat your father to spare you, would he not do it?" asked Nat.

"No. He thinks that the higher proof I can obtain to on earth is an intellectual husband. He has a dozen of them, and they are his delight. In property, who cannot make a good use of his library. And above all, they must be thoroughly versed up in the classics."

"But is this Rivers a classical scholar?"

"No—I am sorry to say it. He speaks French and Italian very fluently, because he has studied them since he was a child; but he knows little Latin. I am sure he knows nothing, save a few phrases in common use. He is cheating papa, because he wants his money."

"You are sure he don't understand the dead languages, Clara?" said Nat, quite eagerly.

"I am sure he doesn't; for yesterday father asked him to read and translate a little Latin; and translate it. He took the book, and having thumbed through the Latin, he gave the English version without the least hesitation. I am positive about one of the adventures of Ulysses—you know you gave me a translation of it—and he read it in the utterly nonsensically he translated it. It wasn't at all right. But papa he has such a poor memory, that he can do just as he pleases. He has found out all about the dead languages, and he is lost in his operations. He has a polished, fashionable education; and that is all."

"We must outwork him," said the young druggist, after pondering awhile upon what Clara had told him. "He is very learned, and very handsome; and translate it. He took the book, and having thumbed through the Latin, he gave the English version without the least hesitation. I am positive about one of the adventures of Ulysses—you know you gave me a translation of it—and he read it in the utterly nonsensically he translated it. It wasn't at all right. But papa he has such a poor memory, that he can do just as he pleases. He has found out all about the dead languages, and he is lost in his operations. He has a polished, fashionable education; and that is all."

"We must outwork him," said the young druggist, after pondering awhile upon what Clara had told him. "He is very learned, and very handsome; and I'm quite sure he knows nothing of Greek and Latin I can outwork him."

"Oh—if you could!" cried Clara, wiading her arm about her lover's neck.

"I will. I shall have all to-morrow evening."

"Why not this evening?"

Nat shook his head and thought a moment. Then he translate some, but I'm quite sure I can do it. Yet a series of disconnected sentences will answer every purpose. I know the translation that is in nearly the most particularly kind of description. Sometimes, in order to cure a monomaniac, they have to write upon his peculiar theory by description; and I think papa will be the better for it. I know your father must be weak-minded upon this subject, else he could not trample upon the wishes of one whom he loves, as I believe he does you. In fact, it is but a counter-deception, to be used as the only means of opening a sickening, calculating adventurer."

This was enough to say one who understood the circumstances. The sudden coming of vast wealth and aristocratic position upon one who knew not how to bear them, had turned the head of the mind; and it developed itself in a false worship of the outward appearance of learning.

On the following evening Jacob Jones and Fitz Edward Rivers sat together in the comfortably adorned and richly-stored library of the former. The old man had never before so keenly felt his ignorance, as he now felt it when he witnessed with a display of learning as his present companion exhibited. On all former occasions visitors had refrained from literary conversation out of courtesy to the host; but not so with Fitz Edward Rivers. He piled up the agony of classical lore profusely.

"Ah—I must have ye to! me always!" cried the old man, in ecstacy, as the perplexed finished a long French sentence which he professed to speak as Latin. "I'll have of ye. Ye'll turn me the classicks, won't ye?"

"Aye, with pleasure, *mon ami. Amour fait beaucoup, mais argent fait tout.*"

Jacob looked in wonder upon the intellectual prodigy before him; and could he even have had that sentence translated for him, he would only have smiled at the wit, and considered it a compliment to his wealth.

At length the ball-bell was rung, and in a few moments more Clara opened the door and introduced Nathaniel Rose.

"Ah, Nat.—I'm glad to see you, my boy," said the old gentleman, extending his hand. "Let me introduce you to Mr. Fitz Edward Rivers. Mr. Rivers, this be Nat Rose, one o' the boys of the village. He's a 'prentice to Doctor Wells. He is the greatest scholar of the age. He knows everything. You shall hear him read my classicks. He's agoin' to stay with me. We've got a plan all fixed—eh, my boy?"

Nat was really pained by this exhibition of the old man's diminished state—so much so that he could not speak. He answered merely in which the interloper received him. He saw a kind old look upon Clara's face, and he could try no better.

Nat was then shown to a seat, and he saw that Rivers eyed him as though he would have given much could he only read his whole soul. The first glance the young druggist cast upon his rival convinced him of his, the rival's, true character. That magic's which love, reading from the soul, indelibly stamps one; that heavy under-lip; and that cold, calculating eye, told him all that Clara had told him of what he was to one who was in the habit of studying physiognomy.

Nat smiled in his soul until he felt sure he knew him, and then he turned to his host. He did not speak Latin, and once upon the subject of the old man's; so he talked with Jacob about his house-lots, his farm, his garden, his crops, and everything else he knew would please the old man. He praised his gardening; spoke of the value of his choice fruits; and, at last, touched upon his new house building; and wound up by telling his old friend how he had been enjoying the wholesome fruit of years of honest labor.

Thus Nat made a profitable source of pleasure to you. Uncle Jacob, to know that all your wealth is honestly gotten, and that your old age is made so comfortable by it. I do not envy you the wealth, but I do sometimes envy you your more valuable knowledge. If you have the means to compile, I am prospering, too."

"Ah, yes," said the old man, wearily.

"Yes—I am doing well."

"Yes—I am doing well."

"Yes—I am doing well."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE SOURCE OF OUR DAILY BREAD.

While giving politics due attention, while pleading cheering commerce and the enterprise which explores and navigates new territories, while extolling the mechanic arts and the artizan's skill, let us not forget the tribute which agriculture claims and merits from us all. The cultivation of the soil is perhaps the common necessities of man are scattered, is the noblest of human labors. Healthful, honest, and gloriously remunerating, it puts to shame the brutal occupation of the soldier, the chicanery of politics, and the falsehood and craft which surround too many of our other pursuits. After all the warring for conquest, and over all the labors of science and science, agriculture is the source to which the world must look for the food and clothing of that universal sustenance, without which human existence would cease.

To agriculture, commerce and all enterprise owe the great measure of their being; from her all draw the best elements of their life and health, and the honest peasant, tilling his wheat-fields and singing among the golden sheaves of his harvest, is in fact, a no inspirer of the canvas that whitens the ocean and the tools that furrow and build the land. And, though a peasant, and brown-handed, he is a peer of the realm and a king of earth, if he be first among the upright men who constitute his power. And he may be formed in all love, wise and eloquent in the highest sense of the words, though he What pursuit so favorable to study, to contemplation and sublime thought, as that of the husbandman, becoming of the Earth? Who should be a chemist, a botanist, a florist, a philosopher and a poet, more than the peasant tiller of the soil? He labors not him to unlock the mysteries and learn the laws of nature. To him is given the Earth, and sun and air harvest, and the heavens bend over him with more than the tenderness of a mother's watchfulness.

House to all useful, honest toil! To the hand that wields the mining pick, the smithy hammer, the carpenter's mallet, the mason's trowel, the sailor's heaves the shuttle and guides the spindle. But, most of all, honor to the hand that parcels and sustains the soil, and, wound-like, calls forth the countless fruits of our country's wealth. Let no man may'st thou be, stout peasant, with thy vine-garlanded cottage, thy cribs full of corn, thy fields and orchards blooming with grain and fruit, thy herds and flocks dotting the hills and vallies, thy happy, honored children, clinging to thy knees, and merry and musical as the birds of summer. Who is rich, and who can be contented, if thou art not? Self is poor, and mistake. O, peasant, that you should murmur or repine. To you is given the empire of Earth, and your sovereignty may be as kingly, as wise, and as beautiful as you shall choose to make it.

A GOOD WIFE.

Solomon says, "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies." And he was a man that knew what he was talking about in the limited sense of chastity, but in its primal broadest sense of the highest excellence in all respects. And Solomon is right. A virtuous woman is above all comparison with whatever in this side of Heaven. And he who has such a one for his wife, is supremely blessed. The husband at such a wife has intuited to him that clergy, and that holy affection which the heart of every man covets, and without which he never knows happiness in this world. And that faithful confidingness, patient and loving counsel, and unwearied devotion; and where shall we find them, except in the love and wisdom of that dear angel of the home—the virtuous wife. Or who is child so she is knitting to the heart of her mother's affections? and is "gathering up the fragments, that nothing be lost?" Or the husband, whose daily and minute regard persuade us such or encouragement, and the daily hallowed household and neighborhood by the consciousness that his wife regulates his family expenditure by the rule of income, and is contented with her lot. But in the nurture, care and education of her children, does the good mother exhibit her most shining qualities, and there is nothing which gives a father more satisfaction than the conviction that in his wife's hands all his children intrusted—physical, social, mental, moral, and spiritual—are safe; that she represents all his affections, and more than all his patience and care. "He shall find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies. *The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.*"

THE NEW WORLD.

It is more than three centuries and a half since the Genoese discovery of this "New World" took place, and more than a century since its settlement was a considerable and prosperous thing.

A century—and less—In the United States portion of the New World, the most remarkable change and growth have occurred of which human history is cognizant. A Republic, in territorial extent equal to half the kingdoms and principalities of Europe, combined, and in population inferior to only three nations of Europe, has sprung from the midst of wilderness, rendered, at the greatest physical obstacles, carrying to-day an influence over the nations and destinies of the human race without a parallel. The picture is too gigantic, even for those who are native to it, to realize in all its fulness, and to a people not in sympathy with it by habit and genius, it would seem rather an overpowering vision of distempered fancy, than a sober fact, palpable as the mountains that echo to our every-day salutations, the valleys that blend with our villages, factories, and farm-fields; and the "many waters" that bear the commerce of the steam-driven hosts.

Well are that poet, when in the rapture of inspiration, exclaim, "God's eye rests on the New World, he says:

"Wonders are the star of Empire takes its way."

The flight of the Eagles of Freedom from the Old World to the New, like the exiles of the Cities of Constantine, was the dawn of a glorious era for man. The sun of Empire took its way, and rested its stars of heaven above it. We wonder not that the Old World is staggered at the result—that she rejects the story of our triumph, and that her ears are full of wilderness and savagism when she thinks of us, for we have gone farther in the wilderness than she went in fire. She cannot comprehend the New World, for she has no parallel whereby to measure it. But we can comprehend it—can comprehend that man, undaunted, and free to do his thought, can exalt himself to the highest degree of art and warriors never dreamed. We can, also, tear to be misunderstood, received at, and, many a time when we feel and know that our strength and greatness are without parallel.

Nothing in the New World, of which our Republic is the soul, exhibits her poesy at a London view, it can not be fully appreciated. It is too vast in its length and breadth, taking in its spirit and condition, what all Europe cannot show—a nation of people, the most intelligent, prosperous and powerful on earth. A nation, whose youth is greater than the prime of the proudest Cities of the Old World, and whose promise of growth is as fair for ages to come as it is for the present moment. And what, too, though the London *Times*, and *Punch*, and the London *Times*, and *Punch*, and the London *Times*, and *Punch*, and long after they are forgotten, the Freedom they starved and derided will bless all the wilderness of the West, and the "Star of Empire" Destiny," and that the destiny of the New World is to influence and control the governments and institutions of the whole globe.

AN AFFECTING CASE.

A young gentleman who says he lives in College-square county, Virginia, has recently met with an accident in New York, which has set his mind upon new ideas in regard to the female character. He says that as he was crossing Washington Park, he shook ten o'clock one evening, he was accosted by a young woman, who, in the most artful way, told him that she had a dying mother at home, and begged him to hasten and procure a physician. He was a tender poor parent's life. The young Collegeperian, overcome by the appeal, drew the applicant's arm within his and set out for the "corner of Broadway." They had not gone far, however, when a shout and a scuffle, resulting in considerable profanity, ensued and exclaimed—"Ah! I *have* you now! You're my property, you jade! And going to the nearest guard; you're the villain who has poisoned my home and broken my wife's heart! But I'll have vengeance on you!" The girl sobbed and begged her father not to kill her, and also to spare "Harry!" Harry's grip he spoke and the young man was perfectly bewildered. He could only suppose that the husband of the girl had found himself on the hypothesis that in some civilized moment, when in a state of intoxication, he had won the affections of the wife of his bosom. He sighed, and raised the peace of a once happy family. He was overwhelmed with confusion, and the girl and her father"

THE OLD MAID.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Alas! alas! for the sorrowful fate I
For the beautiful joys that I have known!
Oh, for the leaves, autumn with youth!
We! for the ruined shrine of truth!
Can ever my love said to me,
In the murmurous shade of a garden-tree—
Holding my hand, and trembling with joy,
Kissing my eyes, and my forehead for—
All the vows of all the lovers—
All the bids and bans and flowers—
All the sins that ever abided—
All the trials that have ever blown—
All the sin-sins that drowning lie
Under the ooze of the summer sky—
All the glorious morns that wake—
All the splendor of hues that break
On the starry coasts of the sea divine,
Gathered with the sunset's purple wine—
Were never told, nor half so bright
As my own heart's Maied is to-night!
So he talked, while the shadows deep
Rim under the woods, and over the wheat.
Alas! alas! for the summers gone,
And the beautiful grain my youth put on!
Withe is married, and I am alone,
Counting my hurt hours as they run.
With is married to Nettie Grey,
And I am alone in the world to-day!
The saddest thing that was ever born,
A drear old maid, feminine, and lorn!
Two children frolic at Withe's knee,
And one, the fairest, he calls for me!
His fair my girlhood's eyes and mouth,
But not the sorrow that stunned my youth!
Oh, Withe! when sunshine years have flown,
And God shall rest the summer's sun,
From the green of the dead past, and the light
Of the awful justice comes all right—
When starry crowned, and girdled,
We dwell in the presence side by side,
Whose the flowers of the book of each saying—
Will you love me best, or Nettie Grey?

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EDNA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "Ishmael," "Missing Bride," "Self-Raised," etc.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE LADY STORMONT.

"Can strangers mate, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart to break,
One long, hot sigh to love and thee,
Then wait to marry the right man."—TENNYSON.

As soon as Sasna had closed the door behind her, Lady Montrevor dropped her head on her hands, and sigh after sigh, and groan after groan, burst from her overcharged bosom.

"Oh, Montrevor! Oh! my lord! my dear lord! Oh, woe is me! that I must put far away from my parched lips this draught of joy that would be as the waters of life to my thirsting and famishing soul! Oh, woe is me, Lord Montrevor, that I must deceive and wound your loving, trusting nature! that I must turn from the light, and life, and warmth and bring on myself misery alone in the darkness and coldness of this my living grave! for how long, good Heaven! how long! I am so young—I shall live so many years! how shall I bear this living death, oh, spirits in Heaven, how shall I bear it! Will my heart break? Will my brain burn? Will death come and end my anguish! I cannot tell! I do not know! I am bereaved! but any suffering for me, than that reproach should come to your noble name! Oh, no! And after all—in my bitter, bitter cup—there is a single sweet drop, at the thought that I suffer for you, my lord—that I suffer for you, even as I would die for you! Yet if I could see you but for one moment! to-day! could feel my proud head clasped in your dear hand for one instant! could meet one glance of your—what life—what joy it would shed again to my dying heart! Oh! heart be still! be strong! this must not be! we must not meet again! Oh, heart! learn the heroism of silent endurance! While she thus haunted and struggled with herself there was a rap at the chamber door.

"Now I shall hear of him"—she said, as with a supreme effort she controlled her emotion, smoothed her voice, and bade the inquirer "Come in."

Barbara Brande opened the door and entered. But the cares of servitude to others were still so strongly marked upon Lady Montrevor's fine countenance that Barbara, instead of the smiling greeting she had been about to offer, started back in alarm, exclaiming,

"Good Heavens, Mrs. Estel, are you ill?"

"You—and no, Miss Brande! Come in and close the door, for I wish to speak with you—confidentially."

Barbara in perplexity obeyed.

"Draw your chair close to mine, sir, if you please, Miss Brande, for I must speak low."

Barbara, more and more embarrassed, complied.

"Do you know, Miss Brande that I regret exceedingly not having given you my full confidence before leaving Baltimore?"

"I should have felt honored in your confidence, Madam," said Barbara with increasing surprise.

"At least you would have benefited it, no doubt."

"I should not have been undeserving of your faith, Mrs. Estel."

"I am sure of it! But I am called by another name to-day, Estel."

"Madam?"

"Do not look, or speak in this way, my dear Miss Brande, or you will make me feel more than with so much to give you," said Lady Montrevor, in a voice, and with a look of such hopeless misery that Barbara's heart was touched, and she said, very gently—

"Speak, then, Madam; I will not be unworthy of your confidence! Your name you said was not Estel?"

"No—I said that I was called by another name besides that. Barbara, you are young—else I should not certainly have called myself by it; but it is my misfortune—not my sorrance. I am known in the world as Viscountess Montrevor!"

"The Viscountess Montrevor! Good Heaven!" exclaimed Barbara, in amazement.

"And you did not suspect this?"

"No, Madam, by my sacred honor, I did not."

"And yet, he who conducted upon me his name and title, was your passenger to this place, landed here with you this morning?"

"That is very true, Madam. Lord Montrevor engaged passage for himself and two servants, in my vessel, for Havana, and his lordship came ashore this morning for a day's sport in the woods—that is all I know! I am completely mystified, my lady," said Miss Brande, in augmented astonishment.

"Do you think, Miss Brande," inquired Lady Montrevor, with a look of deep interest, "that his lordship knows or suspects the identity of the party to whom you have let your house?"

"I do not know, Madam, since it is not impossible that Ae, also, may have concealed something from me; but, I should judge from appearances that he knew nothing of our ladyship's presence in the neighborhood."

"Forgive the necessity that compels me to question you, Miss Brande, and pray tell me, did you ever mention to his lordship the name of the owner of your property?"

"No, Madam, I never did."

"Then I will beseech you never to do it; for, if once Lord Montrevor heard the name of Estel, it would furnish him with the only clue he needs to my identity and retreat."

"Forgive me, in your turn, dear lady, but all this is very inexplicable!"

"Ah! it is so, indeed, to you! And I appear to have your truth, without giving you my confidence! Is it not so? Well! I will explain! and I pray you will have patience, with me a serious, but short, story. But, first," said Lady Montrevor, even in this anxious hour considerate of the convenience of others, "have you breakfasted?"

"Yes, Madam."

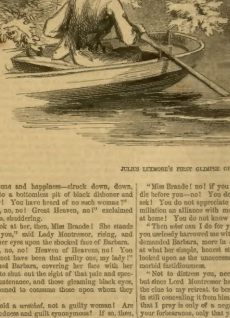
"And can you give me half an hour?"

"I am at Lady Montrevor's service for half the day, if she will command me." said Barbara, who felt her heart painfully attracted to her interesting tenant.

"Listen, then, Miss Brande! Do you see the English papers?"

"Seldom, my lady."

"Then you have seen no account of a wretched family tragedy of rank, who was driven by the pride of place—struck at her highest culmination



JULIUS LUTHGOE'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE PRINCESS OF THE ISLE.

of fortune and happiness—struck down, down, down, to a bottomless pit of black despair and despair! You have heard of no such woman ?"

"No, no, no! Great Heaven, no!" exclaimed Barbara, shuddering.

"Look at her, then, Miss Brande! She stands before you," said Lady Montrevor, rising, and fixing her eyes upon the shocked Barbara.

"No, no, no! Never of Heaven, no! You would not have been that guilty one; my lady!" exclaimed Barbara, covering her face with her hands, to shut out the sight of that pale and spectral countenance, and those gleaming black eyes, that seemed to consume those upon which they looked.

"I said a *wretched*, not a guilty woman! Are wretchedness and guilt synonymous? If so, then, indeed, am I a very guilty, being a very wretched woman !" said Lady Montrevor, in a thrilling, impassioned voice.

"Pardon me, my lady, if I have not understood you," replied Barbara, with emotion.

"How should you, Indeed until you hear! Attend then, Miss Brande, and I will tell you my story," said the lady, sinking again into her seat.

And while Barbara Brande heard with painful interest, Lady Montrevor related the tragic history of her own marriage, and ended by declaring the motives that had induced her to withdraw herself from Lord Montrevor's knowledge.

Barbara listened with a face often screening with tears, and at the end of the recital, she took the lady's sealed hand and said—

"It weighs nothing in the balance of his love for you !"

"Nothing."

"Neither rank, nor wealth, nor fame?"

"Not alas, no!"

"Then why try he you in your trial?"

"He did! he did! my dear and honored lord! he did!"

"He followed you across the ocean?"

"Yes! yes!"

"And he is still in pursuit of you?"

"He is! Oh, he is!"

"Then judge by whatever how can you still chide him? The man who claimed you, even led his chains home to you, has no misery there is not the shadow of a reason why you should fly so faithful a friend as Lord Montrevor has shown himself to be!"

"His honor! Miss Brande. His honor should forbid him to claim me, my child, against my own self!"

"A man's honor, my lady, is according to my judgment, in his own exclusive keeping! and can not be injured by anything but guilt or folly!"

"But the honor of a peer, with whom Lord Montrevor ranks, should be like that of Cesar's wife, above suspicion! and therefore, said the lady, "Therefore here I withdrawn myself from him and renounced his name! Therefore though my heart should break, my train maidens, or my life go down to death in the pain of this conflict, effort—still I cannot myself from his pursuit; until worn out with waiting and with searching, he shall at last regard me and forget me!"

"And you can coolly resolve to drive him to this!" exclaimed Barbara.

"*Coolly?* Miss Brande? Oh, look at me and say if you think I do this coolly? No, no, no, not but it must be continued to have this fatal correspondency that passed between us at the parish church of Hyde, married by Parliament. And he must ally himself to some lady—his equal in position and of unblemished character!"

"Lady Montrevor! If I have read his lordship's character aright, he can never do this!"

"He can and must! he owes it to his family, to his position, to his rising fame!"

"Lady Montrevor, you also are influenced by a worldly exhibition! You have all the prejudices of caste! You think only too much of rank, of title, of 'position,' and 'fame,' more than Lord Montrevor does by half! I tell you that such a day, such a love is the greatest good in the world, and Lord Montrevor knows it! Oh, Madam! how can you disregard the great love he bears you?" said Barbara, pleadingly.

"*I disregard it*—oh, Heaven!" exclaimed the lady, growing paler than before.

"If you you do not really do so! I see the struggle in your mind! Oh, Madam, yield to your simpler and better nature! Make him and yourself happy! Come, let me send into the forest and bring him here to plead his own cause!" prayed Barbara, with earnest eloquence.

"Miss Brande! not if you would not have me die before your eyes! You do not know what you ask! You do not appreciate to how much of humiliation an alliance with me would subject him at home! You do not know England!"

"Then oder can I do for you? And why have you so carefully narrowed me with this terrible story?" demanded Barbara, more in sorrow than in anger at what her pride, self-respect, and honor could not looked upon as the unnecessary self-torturing of a morbid fastidiousness.

"Not to distress you, needlessly, Miss Brande; but since Lord Montrevor has not yet discovered the clue to my retreat, he must never—under circumstances in still concealing it from him. And this assistance that I pray is only of a negative character, only your forbearance, only that you refrain from mentioning to his presence the name of your tenant, Miss Brande, will you oblige me in this matter?"

"I will be guided by your wishes, Lady Montrevor."

"Another thing I must entreat! That you will never let me again 'Lady Montrevor!' Nor think of me as the wife of Lord Montrevor! It is a name and a position that I have renounced! Say that I am not even sure that I ever had a just right to wear it! For, look you! while I left England the question of the legality of my childish marriage was still pending before the Spiritual Court from Lord Montrevor's knowledge of uncertain things, you know, that the decision of the bench of bishops may have had parted with the slightest objection to that opinion advanced by the first lawyer of the day, Lord Dunkirk, who declared the validity of the first marriage, and affirmed the legality of the second. Therefore, you perceive that the only name to which I have a right is that of Estel, confessed claim is that can bestowed upon me in baptism, by my father, and which I have taken to myself—call me Mrs. Estel!"

"I will do so, and pray with it, Madam. May God comfort you and guide you through your very trying path! for I begin to see now that is no ea sy one! Alright," said Barbara, with unusual energy for so long as there exists the slightest question of a lawful marriage, that ceremony must stand between yourself and his lordship, you can as a Christian lady, in your own sphere, remain single! Now I must shake off this 'horrible pit,' and 'miry clay' and get your dinner prepared for you."

There was something in the strong, earnest, cheerful faith of this noble girl, who had herself been tried so severely in the fiery furnace of affliction, and had emerged unscathed, that inspired the mourning woman to fortitude.

Estelle had always had strength to *suffer*—but the feeling that she could be strong to *act* rested not upon her nor vice, the cheerful confidence of her promise—gave the sufferer strength to *hope*.

Lady Montrevor came to her breakfast, which she inferred that her lady would choose upon this occasion to be served in her own room.

At Sasna's earnest entreaty, Lady Montrevor compelled herself to swallow a little coffee and a little bread and jelly, and then passed to the window from her sight, and turned away.

Close the front door; keep the house dark and quiet. I will, after a while, go into the front parlor and sit by the window, where, without being seen, I may look out upon the sea," said the lady, as she dismissed her attendant.

What a long, weary, trying day!

Barbara Brande went over the house and over the grounds in consultation with Lady Montrevor's maid, upon various matters relating to repairs and alterations that required their mutual care.

Lord Montrevor, accompanied by little Edwy, and followed by his two grooms, with the dogs and guns, roamed far and wide through the woods behind the Islehold.

Estelle, having locked the parlor doors, sat at the front window, and, shielded from outside view by the closed Venetian blinds, gazed through the slats, watching the sea coast, if haply she could catch one glimpse of the "one loved form." How long and patiently she sat and waited for that single transient moment of painful joy! As the day waned, and the sun declined, and the light and shadows changed, she sank into a kneeling posture before the window, and, with her clasped hands resting upon its sill, and her chin leaned upon them, she continued to gaze through the bars, out upon the darkening coast and upon the sea, still bright in the reflection of the last rays of the setting sun.

At length, just as she was beginning to fear that she should not see him before the evening grew too dark for her to identify his form, her patience was rewarded.

A party emerged from the woods off to her right, and forward among them she recognized his well-known, commanding form, clothed in a hunting suit of green, with the game-bag at his side, the fowling-piece across his shoulder, and two pointers at his feet. Behind him came the boy, the old keeper and the groom, all heavily laden with guns. He paused upon the same spot, whereon in the morning he had parted with the sleigh-party, paused and turned his fine face towards the house and looked up at the very window where she kept watch guard!

Oh! could he but have known who watched between those green blinds!—but evidently he knew not—suspected not the near proximity of her whom he sought—passed on with the party, and in a moment, from behind those blinds, gazed upon the—to her—desolate home and scene of misery!

He call—d the old negro to his side, and selecting a key, opened to the best apartment from the bunch of game, tied them together, put them in the hands of Neptune, and pointed towards the house.

Old Neptune touched his hat, and turned to come up to the "big house."

"It is over! it is over!" she cried and sank exhausted on the floor.

When she recovered her consciousness it was quite dark—evening—twilight—and she heard, by its accompaniment of anguish. She arose upon her knees, passed her hand before her face to put away the trailing black tresses of her hair, and looked around.

The moonlight streaming through the slats of the closed shutters was the only object that attracted her attention. She went and opened them and sank down on the floor with her head resting as before upon the window sill, and looked out upon

There on the moonlit waters, like some fair white-winged bird, floated the vessel that contained all that was dear to her on earth—her husband, her children, and her heart, with her breaking heart, praying for them and for him.

She was interrupted by a gentle rap at the door of the parlor, but of the chamber. She arose and feebly crossed both rooms, and opened the door upon the latch just as the voice of Sasna spoke without—

"Are you awake, dear lady?"

To reply she opened the door and admitted her attendant.

"Dear Madam, how long and cruelly you must have slept! Here I have been at the door three times since sunset, and found all quiet," said the girl, who had no suspicion that her mistress had lain an hour in a swoon.

The lady Montrevor made no comment, Sasna said—

"Miss Brande is in the hall waiting to bid you good-bye, my lady, as she returns on board of her vessel to-night."

"Ask her to come in," said Estelle, in a voice so hollow that Sasna started with the impression that it was the grave-yard specter that spoke close to her ear.

Recovering her self-possession, she went out to obey, and soon returned bringing lights, and preceding Miss Brande. Sasna set the lights down, and handed a chair to the visitor, and retired.

"You have seen him this evening, Miss Brande?"

"No, dear lady, I have not. He remained

the forest until sunset, when he returned and went immediately on board of the ship. I have been on the premises here all day, and so have not seen him."

"I think we may be sure now that I am safe from discovery!"

"Yes, Madam, for he evinces no curiosity about my lady's house; although, having been engaged in shooting through her woods, he has very properly sent her a fine bunch of game. Old Neptune brought it."

As Barbara had only come to say "Good-bye," and as she was in haste to return, when she had taken leave of Lady Montrevor, and with sincere prayers for her consolation and happiness prepared to depart. She had not gone many steps from the room, however, before the plaintive voice of the lady recalled her.

"Miss Brande, forgive me, but at what hour do you sail?"

"At sunrise, to-morrow morning, Madam."

"Thank you. May Heaven send you a happy voyage."

"And you—peace and consolation, lady."

So they parted.

That evening, Lady Montrevor, scarcely having tasted her supper, soon dismissed her attendant, and closed herself up in her two rooms. And when the house was still and Sasna had sat at the window, looking out at sea, and watching the white mists of the vessel that bore within its bulwarks her beloved. Hour after hour she sat there, until the moon sank below the horizon, leaving the earth and sea in utter darkness.

Then she arose and paced the floor of that desolate room, hour after hour, until the first rays of morning faintly appeared in the east.

Then again she seated herself at the window and with her head resting heavily upon her hand, she watched until the first brightness of sunrise, for a few moments, gave the sails of the departing vessel to her longing eyes.

And she watched that vessel—*treasuring* every moment that she might yet behold it—as we watch a beloved and dying face that we feel must soon vanish from our sight forever.

She watched it until she saw the sails shaken out of their reefs, and other sails hoisted, and all drawn and fill with the wind as the Petrel left her anchorage and glided gracefully over the waters in her course down the bay.

She watched it as the sails lessened in the distance, she watched it out of sight—straining her eyes after it until the Petrel appeared no larger than a snow-duke on the blue sea against the horizon, into which it soon seemed to melt and disappear.

It was gone! *All* was gone!

Then she did not change her attitude or withdraw her gaze; but remained with her strained eyes fixed upon the spot where the vessel where she still had disappeared!

It was very late in the forenoon, and Sasna had entered twice to her lady's chamber door to listen if she could hear her stir, and had even rapped gently at the door to attract her attention at length growing uneasy, she gently opened the door and looked in; and found the lady reclining she became alarmed, entered the room and passed to the bed to see, whether, as she feared, she saw her mistress sitting quite still, leaning her forehead against the window pane, and apparently lost in deep thought.

"Why, dear Madam, how indiscreet! Have you been up all night?" she exclaimed, reproachfully approaching the lady.

But the stationary figure neither spoke nor moved.

"Lady! Lady Montrevor!" exclaimed the girl, going closer to her side.

But no word or gesture responded to that call. The face fallen deeply down upon the sill, the veil got cold; she must be waked. Lady! Lady! dear lady!" exclaimed Sasna, raising the hand that hung down by her side.

But that hand was a hand of ice.

"Good angels, how cold she is! Madam! dear Mistress! Oh, Heavens! what ails her?" cried the girl, in terror, and now quite suddenly, precipitately around the lady's shoulders, and seeking to raise her.

At that touch the sufferer murmured strangely, but unintelligibly.

"What is the matter? Dear lady what is this?" said Sasna in great distress.

"Oh, Heaven!" she exclaimed Estelle, in a hollow, echoing voice.

"Oh! you have been sober—cease yourself, dear lady! Wake up!"

"Oh, Heaven!"

"Oh, Heaven! what ails her? What shall I do with her! Lady Montrevor! speak to me! look at me! It is I—your faithful, faithful Sasna! Speak to me pleas?"

"Oh, my God! gone!"

Once more Sasna put her arms reverently around that mistress's shoulders and raised the light of life-lulled her gone not!

Lady Montrevor had had borne up so long, and bravely, and patiently, under such tremendous afflictions, had surrounded at length; the overtaxed heart and brain had yielded; the light of reason had fled.

Lady Montrevor, on board the Petrel, pursued his voyage to the West Indies. And, reader, this was well—this was best!

CHAPTER XXII.

JULIUS LUTHGOE.

"The pallant's fire burns in his noble eyes,
For fire of strength, or weakness;
And his heart is a heart of gold,
And sound and true as the sun;
And the courage of the darkest sky,
Is the courage of the sun.
Light was his footstep of the dance,
And free to the wave in the breeze,
And oh! he had that merry glance
That goes right through one's heart."—ANON.

It is about time that we should look after Mr. Julius Luthgoe, who have too long left to his own devices."

It will be recollected that after the rescue from death under the waves, the Isle of Pines, and in the mind of that ingenious young gentleman was not the least wonderful of the many wonders of Providence for his slumbering faculties, and the miraculous preservation of the wicked impulse of man, the wicked impulse of man, and giving a favorable turn.

For Cale and Mr. Julius had, as it was afterwards discovered, a strong sympathy.

Julius Luthgoe was born in the earliest youth, had been the object of one grand passion—the love of money, in the which he chose to make the largest possible fortune that could be true was to him the constant object of study. The love of money, as the love of any particular object of pursuit, is accompanied with an instinctive knowledge of the readiest road to its acquirement.

As early as his twelfth year commerce suggested itself to the intelligent lad as the quickest means by which to gain wealth.

Thus, when in his fourteenth year, he was left a destitute and irresponsible orphan, without a near relative in the world, and with only one decent suit of clothes, and one guinea in his pocket, he applied to his neighbor, old Captain Brandt, and was engaged as cabin-boy on board the Mercury.

It was on the first voyage that he became acquainted with Barbara, the skipper's little daughter and constant companion.

Captain Brandt was very kind to the fatherless and motherless lad who had sought his protection, and Barbara, to whom everything around her was appalling of all calamities, treated the boy as a dear brother.

It was the old skipper's delight, in his leisure moments, to instruct these children not only in the various branches of a common school education, but also in the science of navigation, and in the art of seamanship,—and even in the language which he used sometimes, without too much taxing their brains of things, to teach them the names of the constellations and the stars.

He encouraged a generous spirit of emulation between the boy and girl, who could never in any one acquirement be quite equal, for the latter possessed the greater physical power, and Barbara the quicker intellect; therefore Julian excelled in the practice, and Barbara in the theory of working the ship. But the old skipper was not content that this should remain just so—and he was wise enough to stimulate the mind of the boy to a greater activity; and in directing the firm little hand of the girl, he encouraged her to let her soft fist do strength upon the ropes.

This constant companionship of the youth and maiden was likely to result in one of two things—mutual dislike or mutual love. Indifference could not be the latter.

Their ship was bound to London. And on returning at that port, Julian met about his 4th or 5th birthday, and then with his five dollars bought about twenty dollars' worth of morocco cases, each containing steel scissors, tweezers, penknife, bodkin, needle-case, thimble, netting and tatting shuttle, knitting-needles, and, in short, every possible needful accessory of a lady's work-box. Having secured the prize, he took it on the ship, and when he concealed it until he got an opportunity of owning it up in his matters—for Julius had not the slightest intention of depriving Barbara of the hours to share his profits.

On reaching Baltimore, these twenty cases, worth in England a dollar a piece, were easily realized by the boy for a dozen times the sum. The very first venture, from an investment of five dollars he had cleared thirty-five, or seven hundred per cent! Why, the thought almost took his breath! At this rate he should speedily make a fortune!

But Julius had to learn that, with all its adverse hopes and fears, there was considerable vexation—the brought from the waves one hundred concealed with one small parcel, the circumstances in which he found himself placed on the westerners to life, fanned the first terrible temptation to his integrity.

He saw himself the sole survivor of a ship-wrecked crew, with none to claim his property. He found himself left guardian to a young girl of almost fabulous beauty and immense wealth, who had already lived a life of entire seclusion, and a lovely ten-girl friend—her own partner—and—and having no experience, especially of the world and of his miserable year, and a troupe of negro slaves, that, like her friend, were of the most beautiful.

"Princess," she had been called by her aged old uncle, but was dead so and a term, as applied to her, after all! Linda Inland, poor child, was a child.—She would not all the land, from its centre to its sea-washed shores, and the whole people on it, belong absolutely to her!—to her, not only for government, but for bargain and sale, if she should will it! Truly she would be "empress" of all she surveyed," and not with a fimfled, but with an absolute monarchy!

And this beautiful little millionaire, this little queen of seven years of age, would, in four or five years, be legally marriageable!

What a rich prize would she be! At most took the heads of the noblest and richest families, and must be king of it!

He reflected. He was five years, and then to marry, he must be the quickest, easiest, and surest way of becoming an immense fortune. This lovely little Emily—the name of the child—at that time, this young! I know! I know! had, as it appeared, never left her mother's side, had no playmates, and had never seen any other human creatures than the one old uncle who had negro or mulatto slaves. Good! He resolved that she should never see any other person, except—Julius Lorimore. He was quite conscious of possessing a handsome face and figure, and a good person of pleasing, and he determined to use every advantage to himself, his affections to himself—and if that eventually failed, to use his power over his companion to bring about a marriage with—he, face he would ever consent to take her for—his poor life.

To this plan her doting old uncle could be a hindrance, as in consummation belonged to future years, while a few weeks or months must naturally terminate the life of a man of ninety, who had already fallen into second childhood. But it might be well to conciliate even this old lunatic, and to do this Julius Lorimore resolved.

There was one serious trouble in his way; it was not an obstacle, for Julius resolved that it should not be such; but it was a great. It was the thought of Barbara Brandt, whom, notwithstanding all his selfish ambition, he still loved—the thought of Barbara in her awful bereavement and loneliness, in the sudden loss of her father, wrecked down under an overwhelming weight of sorrow—and whom he should rather hasten to raise up, support and console, than desert. Barbara and absolute—the thought of Barbara that would not be banished—and that must be banished by such a boy. For he was not old in sin, or hardened in guilt, this Julius Lorimore—in this temptation had been powerfully tempted and had betrayed his integrity; he had sold his soul to the fiend and was resolved to do his work—that was still and truly that was enough.

He knew that Barbara's noble, truthful and confiding nature the belief in his death would bring her sorrow, but than the knowledge of his falsehood—falsehood, the perfidy of which was so extremely aggravated under the circumstances of her heroic and unselfish character. He should not permit Barbara to believe him dead; and for this purpose, gave a plausible statement, instead of his own.

It is true, he felt that this fraud might be discovered; but if it should be, he was resolved to shift all the responsibility upon others, and to declare that they had made a mistake in the name.

And in order to make a profitable exchange of being identified as Julius Lorimore, late mate of Captain Brandt, he took, immediately on reaching the port of Baltimore, slipped out of sight and concealed himself.

He made his way to New York and thence took a vessel bound down the coast. He landed at Charleston, and from there took the first steamer, and having manned it with negroes, set sail for the Isle, or Orient Isle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EXCITEMENT.

"She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
One of the stars we seem
To meet in some sweet dream;
She should they greet our waking sight,
Imagine like an ocean!"

It was the afternoon of a warm, reluplent day in October that Julius Lorimore came in sight of the loveliest of Isles. It lay like some jewel of rich amber on the bosom of the sea. The gentle of woods, that skirted its shores were just beginning to turn, and on the northern and western side were tinged with a deep golden color; the low descending sun, striking full upon the hue kindled it into a glow of magnificence,—a glorious, instructive conflagration! Contrasting with this was the green of the quiet meadows in the interior of the Isle, and the dark, tall, tasseled fir spring-like verdure. Central in the midst of opulence and bloom stood the white buildings of the inland mansion and outhouses. Not a single habitation on the coast-line was visible. Julius Lorimore could not decide towards which point of the Island bend to direct his course. At length, however, the Lorimore had recognized as Etolle, darted down the terrace, and threw herself on the neck of the tall, dark, bullet-eyed, and unusually lithe, and—

"Why, Yoquo! how dare you, sir! What sir! you! Let go, this moment!"

But Yoquo, instead of instantly releasing his hold, rolled his bloodshot eyes up towards his little mistress, and growled a remonstrance.

"Let go, sir! you will not obey!" exclaimed the little girl, taking hold of his ears, and shaking his head. "Yoquo, you are growing an offense a rich, and a very decided difference of opinion with his mistress! Yoquo, I order you to release me instantly, sir! Julius Lorimore, who had at all hazards struggled to rise, now sprang to his feet, bowed, shaken, proceeded to row around the Mercury, he had improvised for the occasion, when Etolle interposed, and with a charm even more than her usual simplicity—

"Thank you, young lady," said Julius Lorimore, with a bow, "I am here to see Mr. De L'Orient if he can be spoken with."

"Yes, sir, he is at home now—"

"Julius Lorimore?"

The boy had raised a small silver whistle that hung at her side, and blew a clear, sweet blast, that presently brought a mulatto page to her assistance.

"Go to your master, Frivole, and say that a gentleman named Mr. Lorimore has arrived, and desires an interview with him," she said.

The boy bowed low, and with a "Yes, missy," left the room. "Julius Lorimore!" said Mr. Lorimore, with a waive of his hand, as he left the side of the little mistress, "I am here to see Mr. De L'Orient if he can be spoken with."

"Yes, sir, he is at home now—"

"Julius Lorimore?"

Again the boy bowed, and then hurried onward in the pursuit of his errand.

Mr. Lorimore returned to the side of the little mistress.

"What a paradise is this home of yours, young lady!" he said, as he looked at the scene around.

"Oh! do you find it so? I am very glad you like it; but it is very strange you should—"

"Why, yes," he said, with a smile, "I should like that charming spot!" exclaimed Lorimore, in genuine admiration.

"Do you find it charming also? How curious!"

"Why, yes; I'm not you think it charming?"

"Yes, indeed, I do; but I am surprised to find anything better than this! But is it very strange that you should find it charming also?"

"But why?"

"Because you came from the beautiful world beyond?" said Etolle, with a sigh of aspiration.

"Ah! and you think the world beyond so beautiful?"

"Oh, yes, oh! I think it is!"

"Oh, yes, oh! I think it is!"

"Oh, because I know it!—It is a beautiful; a glorious! an enchanting world, I have been told!"

"But how do you know it, my little angel?"

"Oh, sir! I can see from here its lovely shores! vaguely, indeed; but still, I can see them, and can judge what their celestial beauty on a nearer view must be!"

"Why—wet—"The distance lends enchantment to the view,' and 'little are green for away,' say the poets and the sages; and how is a little fairy living in fairy land, who thinks all beauty, poetry, and delight resides in the work-a-day world? beyond these seas," she calls it?" thought Mr. Lorimore, as he stood contemplating the fervent, enthusiastic little creature before him.

"And you have never been to the world beyond?"

"Never, sir! They say I came from that lovely world, but it is so long ago I do not remember it."

"I suspect you came not from the world beyond, but from the world also, fair creature!" said Mr. Lorimore, with an attempt at flattery.

But his little companion was far too unschooled in worldliness to understand or appreciate the compliment, and she answered, simply—

"Oh, no, sir! I am confident, if I only could remember the lovely world whence I came!"

"Why, you have never had an opportunity of viewing your recollections, even by a visit to the mainland!"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Do you ever see persons from those shores?"

"Oh, sir! I have never in my life seen but one person from the world beyond—and they were both so beautiful! just like the shores whence they came! but she nobody at all on this Island?"

"And who were those angels, or demi-gods, in human form, young lady?" inquired Julius Lorimore, as a pang of jealousy shot through his heart.

"Oh, sir! they were excellent

From the front windows of this room Mr. Luxmore looked out to sea, and saw his schooner riding at anchor a short distance from the coast. Some little anxiety he felt upon the subject of this vessel left all night in the hands of the negro crew; but, after mature deliberation, he decided that it was best that he should remain for the night the guest of Monsieur De L'Isle. So he left the vessel to lie fate and went to bed.

It was a long hour before mental exhilaration yielded to bodily fatigue, and permitted him to sink to sleep, and then his slumber was disturbed by exciting dreams of wealth and grandeur; and, after a restless and perturbed night, he was early awakened by the carolling of a sweet, joyous voice under his window. He knew that voice, and he slipped out of bed, went to the window, and, concealing himself in the curtains, peeped out.

First of all, out at sea, he saw his ship, still riding safely at anchor.

Then on the nearer shore below stood Elodie, her graceful little shoulders wrapped in a thin silk mantle in which she had been from the evening dampness.

Julius hastened to make his toilette and descend to the parlour.

As soon as she heard the door open, and saw the visitor come out, she turned and came dancing up the entire length of the room.

Mr. Luxmore grew by her manner that she knew nothing of the calamitous intelligence he had the night before revealed to her parents.

He thought, as she came towards him that she looked far more beautiful in the morning light than she had seemed the evening previous. She was but fifteen years old, yet well grown and well developed for that age. There was the look of the young beauty a look of unsmoothed newness and freshness faithful to coloration.

She came up carolling, but ceased her song to say—

"I am so glad you came down so early, Mr. Luxmore! You am in rising! Oh! come see it over my sunrise show!"

With pleasure," said Julius. "From what points shall we view it?"

"Oh, from the eastern extremity of the rose-terrace, here—where there is nothing to obstruct the view!" she said, dancing down the steps and leading the way.

Julius followed, whither she led to the eastern end of the terrace, where they stood under an arch of mulberries.

"There! look out over the water! Look at the glorious world beyond it!" she said, joyfully.

From the height upon which they stood the ground descended in a succession of gently undulating green hills, down to the pearly beach, whence the broad blue water rolled sparkling away to where the far distant horizon met the sky. Directly under the glorious morning light, like the very foundations of the celestial city!

"See! oh see!—if all the precious stones that ever were created, were fused and throwned along the ocean they could not burn, and glow and radiate like that! Look at the golden sands! Look! look! first along the blue water, a long line of it very light,—then golden, then ruby, then topaz, then sapphire, then all the colors of the rainbow flashing the clouds! Ah! that short shell I ever set my foot upon that golden sand, I shall have an intense aspiration."

"Ay, that you shall, my pretty one! I promise you."

"Oh! have you that power, sir?" she exclaimed, turning quickly and flashing upon him a sudden, penetrating gaze.

"Aye, I have that power fair one, else I should not now be here."

"But tell me how is that?"

"You shall learn in the course of the day, little lady."

"Shall I read that glorious shore very soon?"

"As soon as it may be proper and expedient that you should read it, which I suppose will be only a curious interest in the visual illusion that presented a rich, rugged, and fertile country, where such a celestial aspect to the insulated Island maiden! Such a receiving anger that what in the imagination invested the whole world beyond with such heavenly beauty—for after all the cause lay in the atmospheric effects of distance—and obscured even the glorious shores only as she saw them.

The twinge of the breakfast bell summoned them to the house.

The breakfast table was neatly arranged in the back parlor on the left side of the hall.

Madeleine the quadroon and her son Private were in attendance. But two covers were laid.

Madeleine courtsied and announced that her master would not appear at the table, but would breakfast in his room, and begged that his guest would excuse him not accompanying the house and service.

Julius Luxmore would do that thing with great pleasure at some future time, he thought.

He handed the little girl to her seat at the table, and took his place at the opposite side of the board.

Madeleine was a good housekeeper and the breakfast was excellent.

When the morning meal was over, Mr. Luxmore served his papers, that he always now carefully carried about his person, and prepared for his visit to Monsieur De L'Isle.

At the appointed hour he presented himself.

He found "His Majesty" in the same room, seated at the same table, where he had first been introduced to him. In truth he thought he never looked not much the worse for the sad news that had been told him. He was clothed in a seamless white poplin cashmere dressing gown, and he now seemed fuller of luminant than of sorrow.

"I am glad that I find you in a way of business, however," said Julius Luxmore to himself, on seeing the state of the case.

As the "Ambassador" advanced to the table, "His Majesty" looked up, nodded graciously and ordered that Monsieur would make himself some wine up a chair and seat himself, that they might proceed to business.

Mr. Luxmore complied.

But it is not necessary that I should trouble the reader with the details of "business" transacted between a madman on the one part and a villain on the other. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Luxmore presented his credentials—consisting of the will and codicil executed by Victor L'Orient, together with various documents, all valuable as corroborative testimony to the authenticity of the will.

The credentials were so well received, and the bearer of the credentials so well approved, that after some excellent diplomacy, Julius Luxmore found himself on high in royal favor, as to receive the appointment to the post of premier, one Monsieur Louis, deceased.

His Majesty then occupied himself with details of the solemnities of the royal mourning, which he decided should be purple; and then he commissioned Monsieur the Minister—seldom—Mr. Julius Luxmore, to go upon the seas and make the needful purchases.

Finally dismissing Mr. Luxmore to do his errand, he sent for the "Princess," and in a private interview communicated to her the facts of the decease of her relatives. The intelligence threw over the youthful maiden an air of seriousness that was, however, as far removed from a cloud upon the golden buds of these autumnal mornings from thunder clouds. It was but natural that the young Elodie should grieve over the loss of relatives, one of whom she had never seen, from the other of whom she had been so long separated. In truth, no one sorrowed. The young maiden was too happy, the old man too cruel, and the servants all too indifferent to do so. The "bereavement" spread no gloom, kept no household in mourning. It was not fully realized. Only sometimes the mad old man would suddenly recollect the dead, and to be overwhelmed with affliction, and then he would fall to tearing his white hair, and exclaiming—

"Ah, miserable princess! Oh, hapless home!" And having paid this tribute of lamentation to the departed, would resume his habitual cheerfulness.

The result is that the old man was sinking deeper and deeper into the infirmities of body and imbecilities of mind attendant upon extreme old age.

And Julius Luxmore soon found himself involved not only with the government of the farm, fields, and household affairs of the Island, but also with the care of the old man's person, and with the care of the young girl's education. It might appear as if the place had needed and waited for his coming. But he found a considerable degree of disordered man, his arrival would have been a most opportune blessing. But he was feeble and unsystematical, and he turned, you may suppose, with every circumstance of his position to his own advantage.

He adroitly and successfully flattered the old man, and thus gained a high degree of favor, confidence and confidence.

By different attentions and interesting instructions, he so well recommended himself to the favor of the fair Elodie, as to become in some degree essential to the little creature's happiness.

He was, in conducting the sales of produce from the farm and fisheries of the Island, during the absence of the ship-bottle brought them all to the eastern shore of the mainland, and disposed of them safely either up the Bay on the west coast. His motive for this change, it will be easily seen, was to avoid a neighborhood where he would soon be recognized, in favor of one where he was a total stranger.

In short, Mr. Julius Luxmore did as he pleased. He had the command of the schooner, and the command was duped; the young maiden fascinated; and the quadroon, even if she suspected the spell of his deceit, was, since deprived of her confidant, Isoon, mystificating her intellectual brightness, not in a state sensible to be unduly influenced by rather than feared.

The months sped and for some weeks remained at anchor near the Isle; but the negro crew were forbidden to leave the vessel, and Julius Luxmore at last it was convenient to do so, he had taken the precaution to remove the compass from the box on the schooner, and set sail for Norfolk, where he paid off and discharged the seafaring men.

Then, having thus got rid of the "aliens," he purchased some books and pictures for Elodie, and a gorgeous wardrobe given for the "Princess" by, and with the two home negroes, set sail for the Isle. After a voyage of unusual length, he was forced there to replace all beasts. And it is difficult to decide whether was Elodie the most delighted by her books and pictures or "His Majesty" with his royal robes.

It is not to be supposed, however, that a man of Julius Luxmore's age, habits, and temperament, could be content to confine himself within the restricted limits of a sea-girt island, with no other society than an old lunatic, a young simpleton, a troupe of negro slaves, and with no change of scene or occupation except sailing to Norfolk and sell a cargo of corn or fish. With all Elodie's delightful beauty she was but a child; with all his wild golden prospects, the time passed heavily. He wondered, bored; he no longer wondered that Elodie placed the "glorious world" beyond the sea, by itself, she knew it well to be anything but "glorious."

In a word, he felt the necessity of devising some plan of exit and of frequent intercourse with "the rest of mankind."

But this communication with his fellow-creatures, to be secure, must be like its departure to be some people, all on one side. He must change the Island's most valuable possessions into one that should ever come to the Island. No one should know if its precious treasures left its bosom and secret.

But we will, for the present, leave this delectable young gentleman to make the best of his good fortune, while we go back to Mr. Lucy Hunter and Captain Barbara Brandon, and her noble passenger.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

PAULINA'S ROSE.

HOW THE BEST WEALTH WAS GAINED.

BY MARY C. VANDIL.

Paulina Arnold was a beauty, and the possessor of a large fortune. She had been left an orphan at an early age, and at eighteen, by the terms of her father's will, came into possession of the large estate which he had partly inherited, partly accumulated. Of course she became the belle of the village that together, and when she left me she looked me affectionately, called me her dear child, and said she would write me a long letter to-day, and that she'd chose to stay with them. She knows nothing of your engagement to Rosie. To her I am only the orphan child of her dead friend and cousin, Miss Arnold. I have told her that I am engaged to a young merchant of Boston, that Cousin Mary says once belonged to my grandfather; before, chairs, a stove and cushion is arranged, and the whole of the landscape is white with snow as far as eye can reach, except where the river appears between the windows. I am sure I shall be very happy here.

April 18.—I have been here almost a week. The mountains—the most quietly happy months that I remember since my dear father's death. I have learned to love all the dear family, and, that I might not be the only dream in the hive, I have been teaching Lucy to draw; hearing the youngest children read; embroidering pretty frocks for little Anna, who, because she is a lovely child, and because she bears my mother's name, shall be my peculiar protege. In the evenings I rest to the family as they gather round, while Cousin Mary works; and Cousin Rhodes often discourages me with his shrewd, keen remarks, that show the native force of his uncultivated mind.

Uncle Ned went to Concord last week, and he brought me a batch of letters from Mrs. Kreccurt; one from Carrie Page, full of news, and gossip, and stuffs. How it sickened me. I wondered how I had ever found an interest in such matters. Now, amidst the freshness of a natural, rural life, they seem like the vertiest chaff, so light and worthless as to be blown away.

Mrs. Kreccurt sent me a sum of money also, for which I was very glad when next day, I loved Cousin Rhodes up to Cousin Mary that he had a long payment to make, and as the firm to whom he sold his grain had become somewhat embarrassed, he had to wait for his pay, though he knew he should eventually receive it. Now he must take from the bank the hundred dollars which he had deposited there for Hubert—He added, as—who is studying for the ministry, and he feared that he should not be able to replace it so that Hubert could go on with his studies as he had planned. I am glad to have been able to help him, for as she turned shortly away. Hubert is her darling son, and she earnestly desires to see him a minister. I have never seen her other in love for you."

"My own child!" said Cousin Rhodes, starting up in an agitated manner, when he saw the value of the money—"my dear Paulina, you are too generous! I cannot take your money. It is all you have, is it not?"

"Not quite," I answered. "I have twenty or thirty dollars besides, which I brought here, and I have not spent one cent. I beg you will not mention that. I have had no expenses since I have been here, and that is honestly earned. I have made much as like gift as long. I should have spent" more twice that sum for trifles in New York. I was about to add, but checked myself when I remembered that they thought I was poor, and that the sum named as large to them who never saw much money, but gain most of their comforts from the farm, or from the exchange of country produce.

Cousin Samuel took it, at last, with many thanks and much fatherliness, saying he would secure one hundred as a loan until the grain was paid for, and the other hundred he would place in the bank to my credit at once.

May 5th. The spring is opening in beauty at last. The mountain grows dearer each day to me; the trees; the sun shines warmly down upon the red-hot earth in which they are planting the seeds of grain and vegetables; they steams manure, all dressed as old clothes and dirty aprons; even the birds are returning and are building their nests in the great trees that stand about the house. How I love it! What a heavenly joyous life a knowledge of Nature! Mrs. Kreccurt urges me to return home, and I am determined to remain here. I am to be a child to these excellent people. I love them all. They were my parents—why should not this be my home?

May 6th. I have been very happy here all the spring, and now. I think I will go back to New York, take Mrs. Kreccurt, and make the usual round of their watering places. I believe I am secluded here from all the world, but these primitive, unsophisticated people, and I long to propose to take city bonnets, and two of them—a certain Irene Barnes, and Mr. Arnold, who is to be a New Yorker, have already arrived. If one is a New Yorker, and in in society at all, I shall be constantly meeting Mr. Arnold, for there is no use in too widely known to remain long unrecognized by such as these.

July 5th. I had contrived to escape contact with Mr. Arnold, and succeeded in doing so, though they had been here, and Claude Benedict had even sketched Lucy in her bloomer hat and that pretty little costume. I made Mrs. Kreccurt buy them for me. They had heard of me, of course, but I remained constantly hidden. I have promised Hubert that he cause Hubert was to come home, and was to deliver the sermon on the Fourth, at the village. For the world I would not have disappointed Cousin Mary too. I love better than Hubert and I should meet, that I should see her darling, and above all, listen to his eloquent words. I went and was amply repaid. Hubert is a noble brother! I am proud of the talented New Englander. Totally unprecedented, I have no doubt! But so was it usually the case. I am proud of him, and glad beyond expression that I went to him, and have the power to aid him, to free him from the long pecuniary debt he owes me. And he thinks it before him ere he can gain a knowledge of his own profession.

Hubert was not well. He was exhausted by his long journey and his efforts, so we remained quietly at once from the church. Mr. Page and Claude Benedict came to see us to make Hubert's acquaintance, followed us on horseback. I am sure the introduction was unavoidable, as went at once to the house, as I had told my last night of the arrival of Hubert. Cousin Mary introduced me to her guests, and I found that Mr. Page had attended to me when, while I sat that I had seen him before rather than I remember him. "I know you," I thought, "and all is over. If these good friends learn that I am rich, I fear that they, too, will turn from me. I must at all risks prevent myself from the condescension until I have gone away." Pretty soon Mr. Page approached me.

"Miss Arnold," he said, "I think I am not mistaken in the idea that I have met you in New York. You are an intimate friend of my sister Carrie—you are Miss Paulina Arnold—for whom I have heard so much."

"Yes, sir," I said, "you are right, but there, and, unsophisticated friends of mine know me only as a desirable orphan of limited means. I beg you not to undeceive them, for they are the only persons in the world who love Paulina Arnold for herself alone, and not for her gold."

"You shall be obeyed," answered Mr. Page, with a smile. "Only I must add that I should not have been here, but as you, was bidden I thought you had some motive for the seclusion, and so kept silent. Carrie wrote me that you were somewhere in the neighborhood of Concord."

"What have you heard from Carrie?" I inquired.

"I hear from her almost daily," he answered, and from his proud, happy manner I learned that he was Carrie's accepted lover.

"I think I understand you, Mr. Page," I said. "Let me congratulate you. Carrie is a noble girl; one whom fashionable frivolity has not been able to spoil. I am glad to know that she is happy."

He bowed again over my extended hand, and looked very handsome with the flush of gratified feeling upon his fine face. He thanked me and—

"What is all this about?" he said. "Are you so reserved to your lady-love as to be already leaving in allegiance to another?"

Mr. Page smiled.

"Miss Arnold knows our Carrie," he said, "and has been saying something very pleasant for me to hear."

"Will you not tell what you said of Carrie?" said Mr. Page, eagerly. "I am very fond of praise, as Arthur's, and I love her only less than he. I am only a poor artist, with reputation yet to gain, and no cannot afford to fall in love, except in a country way, with Carrie and her sister."

I told him what I had said, and then we fell into easy conversation. He is very interesting, full of anecdote, of high-toned sentiment, of varied information. We strolled together in the garden after tea, and I enjoyed the evening exceedingly. His months' seclusion from contact with cultivated minds gives an added zest to such communion.

July 10.—I am still at N. Hubert has gone back to the seminary, but I linger here. Mr. Page has gone to Concord, and I need but a word to Mr. Benedict has promised to paint my portrait. I will not go away now, for I love better than to the city, and I am anxious that he should paint it not only that I may get the fashion of paying him more liberally, but that, when he comes to the city next winter, I may set the fashion of employing him, and induce others to go to Benedict's. Mr. Page tells me he is too proud to accept aid. How much I shall delight in the revenge of being the means of my fashion wealth, if I but know how to manage delicately. The portrait has been begun, but still I have lingered in such a trance of happiness that I have feared to break it. I will go to-morrow. Mr. Benedict is naive, my affianced husband. He thinks me only the poor orphan, and he loves me for myself alone. I am sure of having that are before us. His happiness would be marred by the knowledge of my great fortune. I am proud to have wooed one whose charms are golden, and whose heart is true.

To-morrow we will go back to the city, and not until we arrive there will he learn my secret. Then—then—I will be his wife, and he will share the great love that we bear each other.

Sept. 1.—Six weeks have passed. My carriage was waiting at the depot. Claude looked handsome, and I was proud of him as I took my place. "Ah! I see, Mrs. Kreccurt has sent the carriage." We got in and drove homeward. As we neared the house I said to him, "I see the name of "Arnold" on the door. "Arnold?" he repeated. "Why, Paulina, Arnold lives in the house here?" I answered yes, and he said no more. We drove to the door, and entered. Mrs. Kreccurt was waiting to welcome us. She received her pleasure at seeing me home again—the satisfaction of having me safely under her charge again, lightly, and then curtsying to Claude began to speak of the "pleasure of meeting" of how I had been under her care, and much more, in mine; but it was all lost upon me, for I was looking around for—I was a true heart. Now, oh, now! Claude, I am lost to you!

He did not speak. I would my arms around him, and sank nestled for a reply. He looked at me coldly, and with a sarcastic smile, and said—"was this well? You have deceived me. I have been duped, and by a child. Miss Arnold, you have lost my honor."

"Claude, what do you mean yet?" I asked, appalled by his manner.

"I mean every article," he answered, "should never wed with the rich heiress. The world will say that I sought you for your gold."

He took his hat, and left me the world was, dear Claude! When the heiress gives you her hand, you will no longer say I have married for gold. Then you all she is or has. And tell me which you value most, the heart, or the gold?

I need not attempt to describe what he answered. Indeed, his answer was couched in language that I cannot recall. He spoke in a sarcastic, insulted tone or written in words. It is enough that I understood his meaning, and that I comprehended the excessiveness of my beloved friend, until the time when I shall see him and his love, while all I have and am will be laid—my heart—at the feet of offering at his feet.

July 2.—Summer in July! Claude and I have been married just six months—such happy, happy months! We have returned to the city to live. Claude is studying his beautiful, beloved art, and is fast acquiring a glorious reputation. When he returns, with the prestige of the favor of the studies, I shall have no fears for him. He fears that I am wasting my fortune in my extravagance at hand as if he were poor, as sometimes I answer him, as I laid aside my last and richest set of our abundance. Already we have aided more than one struggling artist, and we have the sentimental love as more gratifying by far than all our wealth. Every day I lose that sweet seclusion, in the midst of which I found the wealth of such our loving home.

Mrs. Kreccurt came as pronounce over on the nuptial blessing. He has been established, and has settled in a beautiful home in New Jersey, where our parents Lee are married, and little Anna, my pet and protege, is with me here. I shall keep her always, for she is my adopted child, and she shall share her rich in happiness I am. I hear Claude's footstep in the room above me, and I must go to his side, where, of all places on earth, I find my best joy.

LOYALTY.—Particular phases become dear to the heart of man more generally by the associations attached to them, than by any beauty or essential excellence, or fertility. Nor is this the case only or chiefly because the attachment founded on memories or traditions of home, or other natural objects to certain spots, and to the earth in the occasionally that the mere name of a dear country will call from the bosom feelings of affection and devotion, joy, pride, and hope.

CHOLERA COMPANY ABOUT VENTILATION.—In the whole course of my life, says Lord Clarendon, "I never knew one man, of whatever condition soever, arrive to any degree of reputation in the world, who made choice of or delighted in the company or conversation of those who in their parts were not much superior to himself."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

TO MOTHER FAIRIE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Good old mother Fairie,
Sewing up your tatters,
Since you say that I am rich,
You would like to hire!

I want no cheaper dragon
To rock and croon and coax,
Nor old and wrinkled Nouveau,
With grisly beard, to chat.

But patient little people,
With hands of busy ways,
And gentle speech, and loving hearts—
Say, have you such to spare?

I know a poor, pale baby,
Who cannot sleep at night,
And I want the little people
To keep her chamber bright;

To chase away the shadows
That hang from wall and wood,
Where, in the dim moonlight,
And less her eyes unclose;

And when in dreams she reaches
For playmates near and gone,
To hold her wasted hands,
And make the things stay on.

They must be very cunning
To make the fairies dance
Like leaves, and flowers, and strawberries,
A-growing on one vine.

Good old mother Fairie,
Since my need you know,
Say, have you such to hire?
Who enough to give?

THE SEVERED PATH.

BY GEORGIANA HIBBERD.

Ellen Taylor and Sarah Mills were orphan children under the care of a widowed aunt, but not over-wise relative. They were rightly taught; but not properly trained; and they grew up, restless, romping, self-willed girls. They attended the same school, and fared in all respects exactly alike, until they were between eighteen and twenty years of age; when they both married—one a solid and industrious farmer—another, a handsome, genteel-looking, and religious; the other a city gentleman, of whom we know little more than this, that he had made love to half of the girls in her native town, where he had been spending the summer months, and had then driven them all to despair by marrying her. She supplied him to be proxy will at its regard to money; if he was second to her no attention whatever to the cost of anything.

In neither to Ellen we will, however, say that she thought for less of the deep purse of her lover than she did of his handsome person and stylish manners. She would probably have married him had she believed him to be the owner of not one red cent.

When she held her kind aunt and affectionate cousin farewell, and turned her countenance in the first survey, to her husband, who only was with her in the carriage, he said, as he folded her in his arms—

"What assurance has my beautiful and trusting wife that he who has won her will all that he had tried love, is worthy?"

Ellen looked in his face with astonishment.

"Do we not love each other better than all the world?" said she.

"And you have not a doubt of us—you trust yourself thus entirely to one who is to you a stranger. I am glad I am that I may be worthy of you."

"I am I," said Ellen, laughing; "but, my! how other you look—what is the matter with you?"

"I was only thinking how easy it would have been to get wounded to death for a woman upon you. You are too confiding, my wife—your ruin would have been certain had you loved a villain."

"But I shouldn't have loved one, Edgar—so don't worry about that. You are safe, will you?"

"No—I will not—but now, Ellen, what will you say if I tell you that I am a poor man, and that you've got to work hard to help me get a living?"

"Well—I shall say I *agree* to help you work if you are poor. You sure *I do* care for whether you are rich or poor, my angel, so long as you are my own dear, darling husband. So don't worry about that."

Ellen's husband very unceremoniously caught his wife in his arms, and expressed in a way that endeared her so heartily, that her bonnet was in the most dangerous of getting ruined.

"What ails you?" she said, carefully boxing his precious ears, and giving him a sly, dart-cage of kisses; "what ails you, Edgar? you ought to have more manners than to treat a lady in such a rude way."

"You are such a little, dear beauty—that's all that ails me!" was all the explanation he could get but when, the next day, they arrived at their home, and Ellen found that she was to be a palace, filled with all that belongs to wealth and luxury, she understood the meaning of her husband's joy, because she was so willing and glad to share it with him. She was the wife of one of the richest men in New York city. She had married a man who was haughty, worldly, and time-serving people; her husband, though of a pleasant and gentle disposition, did not really very fond of the world, and proud of her beauty—for Ellen was extremely beautiful and genteel—had no dreamed of a principle in him.

When Sarah came to visit her city cousin, she was extremely astonished to find her unpretending cousin had sent home somewhat inclined to be dissatisfied with her own husband.

"Why shouldn't my husband, who is ten hundred times as good as Harwood, be as rich as he is?" was the question she asked herself.

As time passed along children were born to both families; but Sarah lost every one of hers when they were at the ages of one, two, and three years.

This was a bitter grief to the heart of the fond mother; and again she murmured, "*Why are my* babies taken, and the children of my wealthy cousin all preserved alive?"

But sorrow was blessed to Sarah; for through the grave of her little ones would her heart look into heaven; and while her eyes were filled with tears, she lifted them to follow the flight of her cherubs, and straight to the throne of mercy, pleading with the eternal eye of tenderness. The heart of the mother of departed babes may be wreaked, was brought to taste of the love of God. Those her affliction, though not joyous, had grievous, brought forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

She had two fine children left; but one of these, a beautiful, high-spirited boy, whom it was already becoming a hard and perplexing thing to govern, was at the age of nine full and so injured himself as to become a cripple and an invalid for life.

All this time the family of Edgar Harwood had gone on without a cross or a care. Their children were all healthy and handsome; there were no fairy babies within their doors. The little ones grew up with them a day for pleasure—not a child out of that heart was ever sent to the nearby school, and it was a rare thing that either parents or children were ever seen at church. Harwood was an avowed infidel; and his teachings had poisoned the mind of his darling wife. Her trust was in the arm of flesh—in her idolized husband; and not at all in the Lord. Where of all kinds were the daily drink of the Harwoods. It is my wonder that their children grew up "disciples of strong drink."

Sarah, on one of her visits to Ellen, when the children of both were all past twelve years of age, talked faithfully to her about the influence her own and her husband's example was having on their children. She besought her early friend to consider the fearful responsibility that was upon her and—that of training for immortality all the children that God had given her. But she might as well have talked to a goat about immortality. It fathomed the considerations of Ellen about as much as if she had been a goat—which, by the Scripture sense, she was.

"Oh! my dear husband," said Sarah, approaching home after that visit, "what a to become of those poor unfortunate children! Ignorant and cruel as they are, in the worldly knowledge, they know no more than heathens of the Hottentots. They don't know the commandments, and they were never taught to pray. I would rather be in our situation—even though it were a thousand times more than it is, than to be in our good children—our sweet, gentle Mary, and our great little boy, whose mind has grown up the wayward by-ways of his misfortune, than to be in their, and in the wealthy, and false happiness five times over with all their riches and false happiness five times over.

"You are right, dear wife. They are the true objects of pity for whom no *glow their portion here*. What is there to pity in the lot of those who, though they may go mourning while they walk, yet, love, have an inheritance awaiting them in Heaven?"

There came no sorrow into the Harwood family for nearly twenty years, and then the father died. It was through the children that sorrow came to his wife; but it did not. She recovered in a measure, but on her children she now poured out the full tide of affection which nothing but God should draw forth—which only He can satisfy.

They were a wild, reckless, and disciplined set of children—who could not dwell in peace at home. To several of them it was a perfect holiday relaxing large sums of money, and with these they made themselves "knights in the garrets" and besides giving them like palaces, they surrounded themselves with luxurious companions, and lived after some fashion of their own, all of choice wine; rejoicing in the strength and speed of their fast horses; and giving themselves to the excitement of every sort of fast life held on hold.

Whether the mother knew just how things were going in those establishments, no one could ever tell. Certainly, with a mother's fondness, she never believed the worst; and she was too proud to show uneasiness to her friends; too fond to show confidence in her children.

Two daughters she had, and three sons. Both of the daughters married, and her sons settled down—the son to a wife far too good for him—the daughters to men inferior like themselves.

The eldest daughter was the most worldly of the family—each being aware of nearly two hundred thousand dollars in her own right. She lived in their graves, at some distance from the city; and from their mother's side fond she was seldom seen. Her husband's profession was daily sent to them. All night long were their lonely parlors brightly illuminated; and there the two while the crippled son of Sarah was severely breathing out his innocent life—the last cringe of his budding her, with his dying breath, be of good cheer, for the Lord stood by him, and held him by the hand, and smiled on his parents, and on his dear sister, as it to assure him that He loved them as well as He loved and pitied him. And it was in that they should all meet again in joy—the freedom of Zion—that Sarah's boy, the heart of his mother died within her as she heard his parting words.

"Mother, mother, you not father were my ruin. I am going to be well this year."

Ere he could to the bell that pulled by them slowly waived it in the directions of the dim figure; and, turning from the window, left the room.

His eyes were closed in twilight. I'm glad he's gone out, sis't you, mother?" said little Ellen, who was with him. "You know I could not have rested close to her children speak so about their parents."

The mother then gathered the children and heard them sing and pray; for she mother believed in Sarah's faith, and had watched its growth in her grandchildren, and in the children of her children, with more tender solicitude than she had ever prayer in the world.—And then up riches; now for me to die, and, sister, you to live."

"Ah!" said the poor and lowly, as they shall dwell forever in the joys of life, whence they have to prove such a deadly curse?"

It is a pity that that which has power so much to ameliorate the joys of life, should prove to be a curse; as all blessings misused become.

The history of the daughters of Ellen may be speak, will not now trace. Women are rarely such high-hearted and noble women as she was, and they are not even open transgressors of no social law—none has a right to judge their secret actions.

Her son Edmund had been absent from home for several years before he married. His house was in an extensive park, in the upper part of the city —and was sadly shaded by old forest trees. He had been engaged for a long time, and was the father of several fine children. This son was the only one who had never shown any fondness for wine; but whether he ever did, will never now be put upon me. It is too much. Forgive me, Maude—mother-love—forgive me for the past, and we will part at once."

The very zeal of tenderness was breathing in the words of Edmund. He clasped and kissed the woman as if she was dearer to him than his own soul, as, indeed she was.

"How you been happy?" she asked him, as if continuing a former conversation.

"No, Maude, never. I have been calm and comfortable—I have a good and faithful wife, and sweet children; but the void in my heart has never been filled. You are the only woman I ever thoroughly loved and in the hour I would have died for you, have resigned you. It was to satisfy the claims of society. When I discovered, after having married you, that you were still true to me I suffered untold agony—you know what that was, dear wife—but I let the past go by. For as it ended Minnie; we will not part again; but we must deny the night *to awake no more*."

He felt a strong shiver pass through the form he held in his arms, and he made no reply.

"I am not a brave man, Minnie; I can bear to give you up to a rascal of your lovely nature; but can I bear to see you—the hare and fury, of the world; the reproaches of your wife, and the anguish of my own heart? Oh, my God!"

"Yes, Edmund—though it be out of the world." Mrs. Harwood waited for her husband till the clock told eleven. He was often gone all night; and she, supposing that he would not return before morning, retired.

In the morning as she walked out in the park she noticed that her flower-beds had been run over—the tracks looked like those of a woman. Who could have done it? One of the servants, perhaps they knew better; besides the tracks were too narrow for a servant's foot. She went on a few steps to meet the gardener, whom she saw approaching. There was a look of horror in his face as he accosted her.

"Won't you please to go into the house again, my lady?"

"What for, William?" asked Mrs. Harwood. "What is the matter?" She added, pointing to some men coming slowly from the further end of the park, bearing something upon a litter.

"Oh! please, my dear lady, do go into the house. You had better, indeed," entreated the gardener, imploringly.

"What dreadful thing has happened?" asked the lady, turning very pale, and going towards the men with the burden. She saw her husband stretched dead upon a bough; and her heart died away within her. She knew about his suicide, and a beautiful dead woman. Poor wife! she, too, was dead—and she needed no more to be told to break home.

Her time beats, or partially beats, still woes—all miseries, and the wife and the mother of the suicide lived through that dreadful time. Then, indeed, she could not feel for herself, nor for loved, and they were suffered and buried as they died, locked in each others' arms. A letter found in Edmund's pocket—the very letter, as his wife at once saw, that he had written to her—told her that he could no further, as that letter was to throw light upon the tragic deed. It ran thus—we give but extracts:

"I am not going to torture you, my troubled one; and solely to give you peace, I consented to marry you. But from the time the ceremony was passed, I felt that I could not fulfill my promise. The money I gave to him, and vanished. I was gone. Then I returned, and found you were never at home. I saw the fire that haunted you; and the remorse, and the misery that you suffered. I have kept myself from you so long. But you are not happy now, nor at ease—I can see it; for I am upon the watch, and have been so watched, as well as I. My banishment from you has not purchased your peace, and I have now returned. I can bear this suspense no longer. It is far, far worse than death. I have watched you night after night, creeping to the door of your park; I have almost touched you as you passed me; I have been at your side in the crowd; you did not recognize it, and I, after o'clock, under the great basement tree that you can see from your parlor windows. But now, my love, I will find no dead at its foot in the morning. Edmund, *if you ever loved me*, meet me there.

"MINNIE."

That meeting, and its results, our readers have been prepared by the way of the gardener to hear of.

"The wages of sin is death." It is strange how much the human heart can bear—how much of sorrow—of a mother's heart.

When Ellen closed a gay young bride by her husband's side, what if some mighty hand had rolled aside the mist which veiled her future? What if she had seen an aged woman, with the face and silver hair, sitting alone, amidst magnificence and wealth, while the setting sun showed the tears upon her cheeks that were swiftly chased by others, as she remembered, and lamented for the husband who had died in his full strength, and for the sons whom sin and misery had stricken down in life—could she have believed that old woman, whose house was left unto her desolate, was herself?

"Oh," she would have said, and felt sure that she spoke truly—"I should die ere *half* of this fell upon me."

Yet, three poor Ellen dwells—a stricken and wretched old woman; rich and haughty still; a stripped of all earthly happiness and hope, yet suffering to look to heaven for that which is better, like one already dying before the heaven; a few moments more, and it will go down. Her soul will have departed—her history be sealed.

Is it a history for her? would we, for our child to cheer her old age, her good and dutiful daughter. What shall husbands learn from that at which her path and Ellen's began to diverge, she is lost in